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Balkan Puzzle

The Turkish-Bulgarian non-aggression pact ought to have been printed in the puzzle pages of the newspapers. Does it mean that Turkey promises immunity to Bulgaria as a pathway for German troops from Rumania to Greece, in return for a promise not to attack Turkey? Does it mean that Soviet Russia has thus influenced Turkey to desert the British alliance in the interest of Hitler? Or does it mean that Bulgaria has promised to resist further German aggression, in return for a closer bond with Turkey? Or that Turkey, with British consent, has taken refuge behind a meaningless formula in the hope of stabilizing the Balkan situation because neither nation is yet ready to strike in this area? The latter interpretation is possible on the ground that both initiating parties reaffirm their existing commitments to others.

We must reserve judgment until a fuller explanation is available. Communications with Ankara were cut the day after the announcement. An American radio commentator there denied that Turkey had surrendered to German designs. But in the absence of any further light, it looks as if Nazi diplomacy had delivered a heavy blow to British plans in the Near East. Hitler does not now want an active front there. But he wants to penetrate as far as he can without fighting, and if possible to force Greece out of the war. If the pact means what it seems to mean, he will probably succeed.

Mr. Hoover Tries Again

Herbert Hoover's plan to supply Belgium with American food has been rejected by Under-secretary of State Welles. The categorical statement of Mr. Welles that the feeding of populations in the occupied parts of Europe is a German obligation seems to close the question for the present as far as the American government is concerned. Mr. Hoover's idea of using Belgium as an experimental base to test Nazi promises of coöperation was in no way an answer to the vital objection to the Hoover plan of last December and all similar proposals. The blockade remains one of Britain's strongest weapons, just as feeding the occupied countries remains one of Hitler's knottiest problems. A relaxation of the blockade, even if the food could be kept out of German hands, would help the Nazis tremendously. What Mr. Hoover seems to have forgotten is that Hitler has coördinated the industries of the conquered nations with his own war machine. To provide food for the virtually enslaved workers of the occupied countries would amount to nothing less than an American subsidy to Hitler's program. Mr. Hoover argues that we must feed those who still cherish a desire for democracy, but he overlooks the paradox that makes such plans as his dangerous to democracy; England's friends in occupied Europe are being forced, at the point of the bayonet, to work for her destruction.

Bridges and Browder

Within a week, two well known radicals have been in the news. Earl Browder's conviction for a passport fraud has been upheld by the Supreme Court and presumably he must serve his four-year sentence. Harry Bridges, San Francisco labor leader, has been arrested and held for possible deportation under the new alien-registration law, which permits the deportation of any

CONTENTS

The Week 259

Editorials

The Supreme Court and Labor 262
The Far Eastern Crisis 264
Communists and Teachers 265

General Articles

The Race Against Hitler 266
What Can We Defend? . . . Fletcher Pratt 267
From the Side of a Hill (verse) . Rolfe Humphries 269
Hearst Over Hollywood . . . Michael Sage 270
Our Last Minority: Youth . . Ruth Benedict 271
Ernest Bevin . . . . . Ritchie Calder 273
Washington Notes . . . . . T. R. B. 274
Theatre Liberty . . . . . Stark Young 276
Jazz at Random . . . . . Otis Ferguson 277
The Bandwagon 278

Correspondence 278

Poets as Reviewers . . . . Malcolm Cowley 281

Books in Review

Illth, Ichor and Ahoy . . . Otis Ferguson 282
Heavy Record . . . . . Marjorie Grene 283
Good Neighbor Reëxamined . Bertram D. Wolfe 284
The Sleeping Giant . . . . Stuart Cloete 285
A Reader's List 285

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alien who has at any time been a member of a revolutionary party. His previous trial before Dean James Landis of Harvard Law School was under the old law, which required proof that the individual was a member of such a group at the time of the proceeding.

In both these cases, the instrumentality of the law seems to be used for political purposes and not for even-handed justice. We do not blame the Supreme Court for confirming Browder's conviction; there seems no doubt that he broke the law. But it is equally clear that he was singled out for prosecution because he was a Communist leader and that the extraordinarily severe prison sentence for a misstatement on a passport-application blank was an attempt to punish a person for unpopular political activities.

In the Bridges case the political motivation is even stronger. He has been an effective labor leader on the West Coast, and California's super-reactionary employers have been gunning for him for years. A bill was actually introduced in Congress for the exclusive purpose of putting him out of the country, and it is clear that the law under which he is now being tried was adopted largely in the hope of getting rid of him. We hope the Fourth of July orators will remember Bridges and Browder when they tell what a pure democracy we have now become. It will be interesting to hear their explanations of the affair.

The Case of Krivitsky

General Krivitsky's death exceeded in drama and mystery even his incredibly dramatic, mysterious life as a secret agent of Stalin. Here was a man who had exposed the misdeeds of the worldwide Soviet organization. There is little doubt that Stalin would have liked to see him murdered. He himself had said: "If I am found dead, don't believe it was suicide." Then he *was* found dead, with the revolver that had killed him by his side. At once his friends, who naturally for this purpose include all of Stalin's enemies, declared he was a victim of a GPU assassination. The press, always looking for anti-Russian items, gave great stress to this interpretation. The Washington police, however, concluded that Krivitsky died by his own hand. The door and window of his hotel room were locked on the inside; he had himself purchased the revolver with which he was killed; he left three farewell notes in what experts say was his own handwriting; he had been gloomy and depressed shortly before his death. To be sure, it is still possible to argue that, in a sense, Stalin killed him. He was so hounded and harried both by the memory of what he had done and by fear of reprisals by his former comrades that he could hardly be called sane and responsible. We are beginning to learn that anybody who enters the secret service of a totalitarian ruler has already in a sense committed suicide. He is a dead man from the moment that he takes the oath.

Where the Vatican Stands

The Osservatore Romano, official organ of the Vatican, has come out with an angry editorial denying that the Pope has given his support to Hitler's "New Order." The paper lists a number of charges which it describes as "lying literature" directed toward "weak spirits who sponsor theories and conceptions hostile to Christianity." These charges include attempts to persuade the public that the lives of Roman Catholics in Germany have been bettered; that a Papal representative "encouraged officers and soldiers of a nation that had passed under the flag of another belligerent"; that the Pope urged France to sue at once for a definite peace with Germany, and that he approved Spain's racial policy "with regard to American nations of Spanish language."

Rome correspondents report that only rarely now does the Vatican organ speak out with such boldness, and it seems that the indignation and anger expressed in this editorial are perhaps its only really striking elements. There is no suggestion of any positive sympathy with the democracies. While the paper denies the charge that the Vatican has historically "opposed the democratic form of government," it insists equally that the Church is impartial in the present war and that those who attempt to prove bias are out to undermine the Pope's position. The value of the editorial to the democracies would seem, therefore, to be little more than negative: it can hardly be interpreted as more than a restatement of the Vatican's interest in its religious followers, combined with a refusal to give support to those who are indirectly fighting the persecution of Catholicism. Some cynics even suggest that the statement may be a polite form of blackmail for Hitler, requiring him to pay more attention to what the Church wants.

Why Did They Vote for Fish?

A political study recently conducted in New York is enough to make your head swim. Mr. Hamilton Fish is one of the outstanding opponents of President Roosevelt's foreign policy in Congress, and it occurred to Mr. James H. Causey, a supporter of the President and treasurer of the Norris-LaGuardia Committee during the late campaign, to find out how far the citizens of Mr. Fish's district agreed with his attitude. Mr. Elmo Roper, who conducts the Fortune survey, did the work by the well known and reliable sampling method.

He found that in Mr. Fish's district, 68 percent think it will be "very serious" for us if Hitler wins; 54 percent think England will be victorious, and this rises to 65.5 with American aid considered; 85 percent want us to help England in varying degrees, the lowest of which is to sell her arms; 58 percent approve the lease-

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lend bill, 76 percent favored exchanging 50 old destroyers for naval bases, and 80 percent would give additional destroyers.

To be sure, only 42.2 percent of those queried had voted for Fish in the last election; but even in this group, the percentages don't differ widely from those given above. Of Mr. Fish's own supporters, 68.9 percent think a Hitler victory would be "very serious" for us; more than 86 percent want to help Britain with military supplies or more; 75.6 percent approve the destroyer deal; 55.6 are in favor of the lease-lend bill, and so on.

Here we have what seems an astonishing mystery: why do people elect to Congress a man with whom they disagree on this vitally important question? There are of course several answers. The Fish family has an honored, historic name in this section of the country. Mr. Fish's chief opponent in the last election was not well known, and sounded like a foreigner. It is possible that many people voted for Mr. Fish solely on domestic issues. Finally, his normal majority was tremendously reduced even though he spent money lavishly on his campaign. It is clear, however, that the actions of voters constitute a rich and almost untapped field for study by the social psychologist.

Mr. Stolberg's Glue

Benjamin Stolberg is now perhaps the chief scandalmonger of left-wing movements. The latest product of his trade is an article in The Saturday Evening Post, "Muddled Millions," which purports to tell how misguided and befuddled American millionaires have financed revolutionary activities. Like Mr. Stolberg's other writings, it contains many indubitable facts, liberally sprinkled with lies, and the whole mixture is misinterpreted with his usual venom.

One section deals with The New Republic. This paper, he says, was from 1935 until the Russo-German pact merely a "liberal" echo of The New Masses. Mr. Stolberg graciously admits that this paper differed from the Communists about collective security, but otherwise it was, he charges, "in effect, a party-line organ."

The fact is that the line of The New Republic was the same between 1935 and 1939 as it was before 1935, when the Communists bitterly attacked it. The Communist Party adopted the strategy of the Popular Front in 1935, and strove to conciliate all left-wing and even mildly progressive movements for the sake of united action in the international field. The New Republic did not adhere to the party line; the Communists at that time adhered in large part to the New Republic line. But this journal refused to join the Communists in what they then considered their most important policy—collective security—and was roundly berated for doing so by party spokesmen.

Why should Mr. Stolberg so grossly misinterpret the truth? The answer is to be found largely in his own political history. For a long time he was either a Communist or a close sympathizer. But he became disaffected during the Trotskyist squabble and other internal disruptions. Thereafter his chief concern was to heap abuse on the Stalinists. This task was soon broadened to heaping abuse on anybody who did not join in heaping abuse on the Stalinists. To maintain an independent progressive position and to agree on any point with any Communist, even if he said no more than that the weather was fair or that he favored unemployment insurance, was to become a "transmission belt." Many of Mr. Stolberg's former associates have now dropped the senseless quarrel among progressives, but he sticks to it like glue.

Those Ten Outstanding Books

Nobody needs to argue any more about the ten outstanding books of 1940. The Book of the Month Club has settled the question once and for all, by the democratic method of sending out ballots. Each of 159 leading critics was asked to list his first ten choices, in order of preference. And the results were tabulated (1) on the basis of the number of votes received by each book, and (2) on the basis of preference points, with ten allowed for a first choice, nine for a second, and so on down the list. Now that the results are published, we can at last be certain that "For Whom the Bell Tolls" was the outstandingest book of the year. We can also be certain that it outstood "New England: Indian Summer" on the ratio of 124 votes to 92 (or 1,013 points to 614). "Oliver Wiswell" (71-444) outstood "How Green Was My Valley" (59-415), which outstood "Native Son" (57-363), which outstood "As I Remember Him" (50-298), which outstood "You Can't Go Home Again" (44-269), which outstood "Audubon's America" (40-219), which outstood "Sapphira and the Slave Girl" (31-181), which outstood. . . . But here, when we reach the tenth place, an element of doubt creeps into the situation. Did "Mrs. Miniver" (31-128) outstand "Pilgrim's Way" (26-165), or was it the other way around? We hope that the Book of the Month club will settle this controversy too, by sending out another ballot.

But lest all conversation about books should die away in the click of adding machines, we might ask a few questions. Who selected the 159 leading critics? Did any of them read all the good books of the year? Did all of them read all the books they voted for? And finally, what is an outstanding book anyway?

Is Panama a Good Neighbor?

Geographers, speculating on a post-war world, point out that if the center of it is the Western Hemisphere, the core of that center will be Panama. It is a worm-eaten core at the moment. President Arias has canceled the concession allowing the United States army use of an already prepared airport and practice bombing

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field. Through a discretionary order unprecedented in the history of the country, a popular New Zealand newspaperman, Ted Scott, editor of the English section of The Panama American, has been expelled. A strange bill to forbid all aliens to operate retail businesses in Panama has just passed the first reading in the National Assembly. The chief adviser of President Arias is an avowed fascist, Antonio Isaza, until last June consul in Hamburg, editor of the pro-Axis Panama City newspaper La Tribuna and founder of the miniature Panamanian Gestapo, the Society of Anonymous Political Information. Last November the expelled Ted Scott infuriated the Italian Minister to Panama by a news broadcast which announced a successful attack on the Italian fleet by the British. His banishment is designed to curry favor with the Axis powers. The situation needs quick attention by the State Department.

News Notes of a Week

Wendell Willkie told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that if Britain falls America will be at war a month or two later. His testimony was the big event of the hearings and gave everyone a chance to cheer and boo. "He is my President now," said Mr. Willkie. Republican leaders were most unhappy. He also said five to ten destroyers a month should be sent to Britain. Secretary Knox said, "We have no more to spare." Mr. Willkie's President sent for Mr. Knox fast and Secretary Early said to the press, in effect, don't get excited, just wait a bit. . . . Free French forces came up from the Libyan desert after an amazing 400-mile march and attacked an Italian garrison 225 miles from Tripoli. . . . The British dropped parachute troops in southern Italy, apparently gunning for water-power and communication systems there. Italy reported "no damage," but the trains didn't run on time.

Where is the aluminum necessary for planes coming from? Mr. Stettinius of the NDAC has been denying that there was a shortage, as charged by many people including the editors of this paper. Now he says the aluminum is to come from "scrap," and there was talk of collecting pots and pans. . . . Mrs. Roosevelt suggested that people begin to get used to the idea of doing without such things as new automobiles and aluminum utensils. . . . FDR picked a brilliant man for judge of the Circuit Court of Appeals in New York—Jerome Frank of the SEC. . . . Harry Hopkins came back from the British full of admiration and information (for the President) and Wendell Willkie said he might take a trip to China. For the President? . . . The British Embassy, speaking for Winston Churchill, positively denied the truth of that quotation of The New York Enquirer's. . . . The Saturday Evening Post published an editorial strongly deploring smearing as a threat to national unity.

The Supreme Court and Labor

THE RECENT series of Supreme Court opinions bearing on labor and civil liberties are far-reaching in their implications and shed considerable light on the character of the present Court. Within the space of several weeks the Court has handed down important decisions in five related areas within this field.

In the first place, the federal wages-and-hours law has been upheld by the Court. This was no surprise, and (with Mr. Justice McReynolds gone) it was a decision handed down by a unanimous court of eight judges. They held that Congress had the power under the interstate-commerce clause to regulate interstate traffic in goods produced under substandard labor conditions, whether too low wages or too long hours. Thereby two things were accomplished. First, the final step was taken in the validation by the Supreme Court of the essentials of the New Deal social program. Second, the old 1918 decision of Hammer v. Dagenhart, in which the Court had held that the federal government was powerless to deal with the products of child labor in interstate commerce, was overruled.

In another important area, the Court ruled that the Sherman anti-trust laws do not apply to labor disputes. On this ruling, as on the wages-hours case, we commented briefly in an earlier issue of The New Republic. But a few words are worth adding on the wider implications of the decision in the Hutcheson case. What the Court majority said, through a clear and forthright opinion of Mr. Justice Frankfurter, was that the case must be decided in the light of the repeated attempts which Congress had made in the Clayton and Norris-LaGuardia Acts to exclude labor disputes from the provisions of the anti-trust laws. Those attempts have finally, after more than a quarter-century, borne fruit in a Supreme Court decision. The result is a blow to Assistant Attorney General Thurman Arnold, whom we regard as one of the most valuable of our public officials, and who is in general performing a great service in his campaign to enforce the anti-trust laws. Yet the course of the Court was clear, and only the Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Roberts voted against the ruling. It is now decided that a jurisdictional dispute, such as the Carpenters' Union was carrying on against the Machinists' Union, is not a conspiracy in restraint of trade, and cannot be prevented by criminal action any more than (under the Norris-LaGuardia Act) it can be prevented by injunction. This still gives Mr. Arnold leeway in the cases where he can prove collusion between labor unions and employers to affect prices. That is the area where his approach has the greatest validity. He has recently announced that he intends to carry on his fight in the hope of getting the Court to reconsider its divided anti-trust decisions of the past. That is all to the good: and if the Court sees

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the problems as realistically and reasons as clearly as in the Hutcheson case, we shall be content.

With the Court's ruling in the fight between Henry Ford and the National Labor Relations Board there can also be no quarrel, even on the part of conservatives. The Court refused to consider Ford's appeal from an NLRB order charging him with violations of the labor law. The real importance of this opinion is that it removes the last prop from those who argued that there was no sense in denying the Ford Company defense contracts, so long as the Supreme Court had not finally adjudged him a violator of the labor law. We never went along with this reasoning, because it puts a premium on litigative delay. Yet now even the Supreme Court has spoken. The problem of Mr. Ford is now out of the area of legal rights, and squarely in the area of the power and integrity of the government.

But perhaps the most important recent labor cases that the Court has decided have to do with the relation of labor action to freedom of speech. This issue came up in two recent cases of the first importance. One is the case of the Milk Wagon Drivers' Union v. Meadowmoor Dairies. The question was whether the Illinois state courts could issue an injunction to restrain all picketing, peaceful and otherwise, where there was a "context of violence." Mr. Justice Frankfurter, speaking for a majority of five, wrote the decision that the Court could not interfere with such an injunction. There were two dissents, one by Mr. Justice Black, speaking for himself and Mr. Justice Douglas; and one by Mr. Justice Reed. Both dissents stressed the position that to enjoin peaceful picketing as well as violence was to deprive labor of the right of free speech guaranteed it under the Bill of Rights.

There can be little doubt that the Court decision in this case will be the subject of discussion in liberal circles almost as intense as that which followed the difference of view between Justices Frankfurter and Stone in the Jehovah's Witnesses flag-salute case last year. Here again the problem is one of seeking to adjust the delicate balance of states' rights and civil liberties. And here again the Court majority takes the view that, where the issue of civil liberties is not so clear as to be "a palpable violation of the constitutional guarantee" of freedom of speech, the power to determine social policy lies with the state rather than with the Supreme Court. The majority agrees that if only peaceful picketing were involved, the injunction would be unconstitutional. What in their mind changes the situation is the fact that the picketing is here "blended with violence": that fact neutralizes the constitutional immunity that labor would otherwise have.

We believe with Justices Black, Reed and Douglas that this is a dangerous view, both for the labor movement and its fate, and for the cause of civil liberties as a whole. What the Court is doing, by making the question of the blending of violence with picketing the central problem, is to bring into the adjudication of the question of civil liberties in labor disputes a factor which it cannot in any way control. It thus opens the door to reactionary assaults upon labor by state and local authorities. There are few picketing cases in hotly contested labor disputes in which the charges of violence are not part of the record. We can trust the present Supreme Court to discriminate, but can we trust the lower federal courts and the whole galaxy of state courts? It is not hard to envisage in the future the operation of *agents provocateurs* who by inciting to violence and creating a context of violence will succeed in prejudicing the entire picketing drive of the union.

Even in the present case Mr. Justice Black presents a persuasive argument which casts some doubt on how integrally the initial violence in the milk-wagon drivers' strike was related to the picketing which the court injunction sought to stop. And while the Supreme Court decision leaves room for unions whose interests are prejudiced by injunctions too loosely and broadly drawn to make a final appeal to the Court, it is in the actual practice of labor disputes something that belongs in the Cold-Comfort Department. We know that the whole history both of the use of the injunction in labor disputes and the interpretation of violence by the courts is one that has run consistently against labor. Without making an absolutist fetish of an abstract doctrine of free speech, dissociated from the living context of social relations, we believe that the Court has not made out an adequate case for qualifying the doctrine here.

There remain two considerations. One is the contention that Mr. Justice Frankfurter, by putting the burden for liberal action on the legislature and courts of Illinois rather than on the Supreme Court, is actually performing a strategic service for the liberal cause. That is a doubtful argument, and could be applied to any case in which states' rights are involved. Actually we know that the threats to civil liberties come generally from reactionary state legislatures and local vigilantism. In such a context the emphasis should be not on state sovereignty but upon fundamental civil liberties as protected by a Supreme Court. The other consideration is the argument, suggested by Mr. Justice Frankfurter, that labor must be treated as the employers are treated: just as Ford's freedom of speech in a Labor Board case is judged in the context of company violence, so must trade-union picketing be. The analogy is attractive but ultimately breaks down. For there is a basic distinction between regulation by court injunction and regulation by administrative agency. The National Labor Relations Board has built up an expertise on the problem of labor disputes which no Illinois court can approach; its realistic knowledge of the technical and social context of the struggle for union organization, and its ultimate responsibility to the people furnish warrant

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against abuse which the court process as a way of determining social policy does not furnish.

It is to the credit of the Supreme Court that it has not followed blindly the logic of the Milk Drivers' case. In another case, AFL v. Swing, involving the question whether secondary picketing qualifies the guarantee of free speech to workers, the Court majority decided that it does not. Mr. Chief Justice Hughes and Mr. Justice Roberts held out for applying the Milk Drivers' decision to this situation as well. But the Court, again speaking through Mr. Justice Frankfurter, held in a decision which is likely to have very far-reaching consequences, that workers have the right of peaceful picketing even where the pickets are not directly in the employ of the firm being picketed.

The Far Eastern Crisis

News of an impending crisis in the Far East has been filling the front pages. Japan had for weeks been creeping down the coast of Asia by the well known methods of Axis penetration, first in French Indo-China, then in Thailand (Siam). The next station, if the train of conquest should continue, would be the Malay States, in which the great British naval base of Singapore is situated. Then come the Netherlands Indies and, not far from their terminus, Australia. The Australian Cabinet was called in emergency session. There were visits among the diplomatic representatives of Britain, the United States and the Netherlands. Britain announced the mining of Malayan waters; we voted an air base at Guam. All this coincided with the arrival in this country of Admiral Nomura, supposedly a good-will ambassador from Japan.

There is no question whatever that the present Japanese government would like to extend its influence as far as possible in the southern Pacific. This is a policy which for years has had support in the Japanese navy. The army saw the future rather on the continent of Asia, but its expensive campaign there has had inconclusive results. Apparently the navy is now having its innings. The favorable time is of course while Britain in fully occupied in Europe and the United States is not free from apprehension on its east.

Against this background, three major hypotheses have been erected. One is that the Axis is preparing an all-out offensive in every direction at once, and that Japan will assault the Netherlands Indies while Hitler strikes in Europe. The second is that, while Japan would not dare undertake aggression in this area that would meet determined resistance, she is feeling her way to try out the intentions of her possible opponents, hoping that some of them at least will surrender without striking a blow. The third is that she knows fulfilment of her aspirations depends entirely on the outcome in Europe, and that she is only bluffing for the sake of drawing British and American forces and attention as far away as possible from the center of action.

The first theory seems to us by far the least credible. Singapore lies straight in the path of any expedition, naval or military, destined for the East Indies or beyond. No naval officer in his senses would leave it on his flank, especially since the distance between Java and the only Japanese bases yet equipped for real service is thousands of miles. Manila is on the other flank of the same route. Both bases, especially Singapore, are strongly fortified and well equipped with planes and naval vessels capable of harassing an opponent. At the end of the route, the Netherlands Indies themselves have considerable forces and would not be easy to capture, especially at long arm's length. An attack on these positions would certainly fail, or at least would drain Japan's resources before success almost as much as her China campaign. Victories won now would have to be surrendered if Hitler loses the war, and the prizes could be gained later at less cost if he wins it.

But what of the second alternative? Indo-China could have been defended, and was not. Japan is not averse to taking all she can with a minimum of fighting. Does she by any chance hope that the British are ready to give up Singapore without a struggle? Or that she could take Manila without any risk from us? Or that the Dutch would meekly surrender their islands? Her repeated suggestions that the United States ought to confine its attention to the Western Hemisphere, that a war in the Pacific would be a universal calamity, and that she is seeking only peace, sound as if her diplomacy were directed toward this end. Her recent amazing offer to mediate the European war, coupled with the expressed hope that she can prevent Manila from being a threat to peace, and a verbal chastisement of Britain and Australia for adopting a "belligerent" attitude, fit such a strategy. It is true that the Japanese military seem, like Hitler, to believe that anything they want belongs to them, and that anyone who opposes their ambitions is a disturber of the peace. Yet in reality they can hardly be so naïve as that. It is certain that any one of these positions would be strongly defended, if attacked alone. It is not certain that they would not join forces. Japan would seem to have reached the practicable limits of assimilation by reluctant consent.

There remains the final hypothesis. This, it seems to us, is entirely reasonable. If Hitler is to win the war, he will probably make victory sure within the next six or eight months. If he does, the chances of resistance by Singapore or the Dutch will be greatly diminished. The United States will have to withdraw a large part of its fleet to the Atlantic, and probably must keep to the defensive in the Pacific on a line including no larger area than the Aleutians, Hawaii and the Panama Canal. Then Japan can forge ahead without much trouble. If, on the other hand, Britain

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is victorious, both this country and the British will be free to deal with the aggression in the Orient. It is therefore of the utmost importance to Japan to draw as much as possible of British power to the Far East now, and to reduce to the lowest possible terms our aid to Britain. She may be able to do so by continually threatening aggression which she cannot now undertake.

Every utterance and action of Tokyo is to be interpreted as an effort to keep our fleet in the Pacific, to prevent us from transferring to Britain any more destroyers, or any more bombers or other implements of war. It is intended to strengthen the isolationist block in Congress and encourage hampering amendments to the lease-lend bill. It is calculated to impress the American people with the conclusion that they must reserve their power for defense against other enemies than Hitler, or for resistance to him in the future, and so to prevent them from taking the prompt and decisive action that will make such defense unnecessary.

The proper answer is to remain undisturbed and to proceed on our chosen course. We need not make a single concession to Japan's aggressive designs; if we are firm she either will not move further or will court disaster in doing so. If we give more effective aid to China, Japan's power will be worn even thinner than it is. If we enable Britain to win, the danger from Japan will vanish like an empty rain-cloud.

Communists and Teachers

THE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL of the American Federation of Teachers has recommended that the charters of three locals, two in New York City and one in Philadelphia, be revoked. The reason is that these three locals are believed to be under Communist domination and, because of this fact, to be doing harm to the trade-union movement among teachers as a whole. The questions involved are of great importance to all unions which have a Communist minority in their membership.

Despite the formal denials of leaders of the local unions, there seems little doubt that these groups have been dominated by the Stalinists, whose activities have been designed to aid the Communist movement whatever the effect might be on the organization. To get control, the Communists do not need a majority—a fact which is chiefly a criticism of the non-Communist members. The party disciples come early to every meeting and stay late. They are experts at parliamentary (and unparliamentary) tactics. They specialize in taking important actions before hostile members have arrived, or after they have been wearied by the interminable oratory and have gone home. The executive council, with apparent justice, charges that these unions have in all matters scrupulously followed the Communist Party line; that they have halted the growth of their own membership and gravely harmed that of the national body; that they have circulated false rumors and created disharmony. The larger New York local has been suspended from the Central Trades and Labor Council of Greater New York. This local has set up a new organization which parallels the American Federation of Teachers, a grave sin in the eyes of trade-unionists.

Against the action of the executive council, it may be argued that if the members of any local are willing to give control to a Communist minority, that is their lookout; that action taken to expel Communists gives aid and comfort to the witch-hunters and Red-baiters who are almost equally opposed even to mild liberalism; that such "appeasement" of the reactionaries is sure to be ineffective; that the place to beat the Communists is within the organization; that it might be better even to let the American Federation of Teachers run the risk of destruction by the Communists rather than to adopt the policy of the purge which the Communists themselves use so mercilessly on all occasions. This is a difficult decision, and the teachers are not alone in having to make it. In most other unions, and in various liberal organizations, it is being met either by expelling the Communists or by having the non-Communists withdraw and start their own groups.

In this dilemma the executive council of the AFT has acted wisely, it seems to us, in referring the matter to the entire membership in a referendum. The council will set forth its charges fully in a document, and the locals that are under fire will be given an equal amount of space for a reply. The dues-paying membership all over the country—including that of the locals named in the proceedings—will then decide the result. While we feel that on the whole the executive council is right, and that it is impossible for a working trade union to continue effectively with a large minority which is unscrupulously resolved to serve only the purposes of a single foreign country, even at the risk of destroying the union, we welcome the democratic action that puts the final decision where it should be, in the hands of the whole membership.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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The Race Against Hitler

This is the fourth of a series of articles reporting on the American program for aid to Britain and comparing it with German production of the same sort. – THE EDITORS

TOO MANY AMERICANS, even among those who are fully aroused to the pressing need for national defense and all-out aid to Britain, have become complacent because of recent defense appropriations. Now that the money is on the line, they assume, the job is largely done. Let the experts worry about the rest of it.

No attitude could be more fallacious or more charged with danger for the defense program as a whole. We are already confronted with an appalling lag between appropriation and production, even between appropriation and the letting of contracts. Within a few weeks, total appropriations for defense will approach $30,000,000,000. On the face of it, that figure is most reassuring. But less than half that sum will have been taken up in contracts; the latest available figures show actual expenditures under those contracts to be less than $2,000,000,000. In other words, the bulk of our defense effort is not even "on order."

Those figures constitute a terrific indictment of the whole program to date. It is useless to talk of production when we have not even decided what to produce and who is to do the producing. The most urgent job before us is the immediate elimination of the delay and red tape which create the dangerous lag between appropriation and production. The German General Staff complained to its government during the First World War, "We cannot shoot at the enemy with appropriations." Hitler has never forgotten that. In Germany today appropriation, contract, expenditure and production are parts of one thing and follow in quick succession. We must do the same if our help is to reach Britain in time.

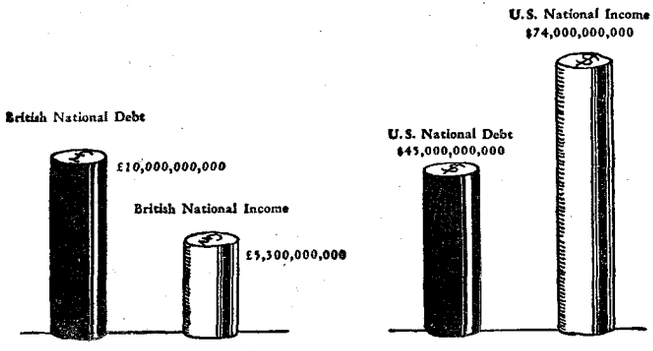
Even now we have not yet begun to learn the lesson of France. At this stage of our defense effort it should be recalled that France, too, was lulled into a sense of false security by sizable military appropriations. The French budget for 1940 included 300,000,000,000 francs (approximately $7,000,000,000) for military purposes. Then, much in the manner of our own program, petty haggling and delay set in. Even after the war had begun, contracts were still in the discussion stage and production was merely stumbling. Now the Vichy government has published the figures for military expenditures during the first six months of 1940. They show an outlay of only 110,000,000,000 francs, or slightly more than one-third of the actual appropriation.

In short, even during the months when France was fighting for her very existence, including the weeks of the blitzkrieg, the French war effort had hardly begun to absorb its financial appropriation. For this criminal lag between gesture and decisive action France will have paid 144,000,000,000 francs for the German army of occupation alone. For a much smaller sum, army experts tell us, France could have built the 5,000 tanks and 3,000 bombers which might have prevented her collapse.

Compared to what we can and should do, our aid to Britain has so far been trifling. In fact, it has been more than offset by the loot and forced production torn by Hitler from the occupied countries of Europe. Actually the aid curve has gone downward since last August. In that month, shipments totaled $125,000,000. By December they had declined to $101,000,000. To be effective, our aid should be increased at least tenfold. Our industrial *capacity*, rapidly translated into ships, guns and planes, would almost certainly bring about a Hitler defeat.

Translated into money, what is that industrial capacity? As the accompanying chart shows, Britain's national debt is nearly twice her annual income, of which half is now going into her war effort. What would a similar relationship among debt, income and war effort mean in the United States? At full capacity our annual income could unquestionably reach $100,000,000,000. Half that sum turned into military production, with half of this in turn going to Britain, would assure the ultimate collapse of Hitler. And those who talk aid-to-Britain, but always with an apprehensive eye on the national debt, should note that we could increase that debt to $200,000,000,000 with no greater strain on our economy than Britain has suffered.

Probably neither our defense effort nor the national debt need ever reach those proportions. But we must not let the debt bogey hamper aid to Britain and our national safety. An increase in the debt, based on defense needs, is the surest sign that this nation is to survive as a democracy. But it must not be merely a paper increase based on appropriations.



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What Can We Defend?[1]

THE PROBABILITY that our armed services will be called upon within the next four years to perform the tasks for which they were called into existence is so strong that, except in the minds of a few self-consciously peculiar individuals, the defense problem outranks all others. What can we defend? What more do we need to defend?

The questions have been posed, with an increasing note of anxiety, ever since May 10, 1940. Yet no one familiar with the strategic factors involved can give an answer that does not itself put another pair of questions—When? Under what conditions?

For the coming of total war has changed the whole basis of long-term, large-area strategy, and with it the necessities of American defense. There is no "total defense" against the new war save imitation of the system that gave it birth—totalitarianism, the form of national organization under which the aggrandizement of the state constitutes a first lien, not only on the persons and property of all citizens, not only on the state's physical equipment, but also on its moral resources.

This conscription of integrity, this amoralization of the state, is the most important new element in war. In the New World Order the indisposition of a nation to undertake wars of conquest becomes the most potent weapon of conquest against it. Because the Western Allies hesitated over violating Norwegian neutrality, Norway became an asset to their enemies; because they were reluctant to drive Belgium and Holland into the war, Germany gained decisive military advantage by doing so.

The new war moves so fast that when it is marching through the territory of a small, uncombative neutral it is militarily already too late to make any defense within that ex-neutral's boundaries. France and Poland found it too late to make good even the defense of their home ground. It is possible that Britain will learn the same hard lesson before the four years are out; and their experience outlines the problem of American defense and the impossibility of making it absolute.

We are, like France, a continental power, with highly sensitive areas lying in easy range of land-based attack from territories held by nations possessing insignificant powers of self-defense. We are also, like England, a maritime nation dependent upon overseas products from lands themselves indefensible and subject to attack by sea. This was an advantage under the older forms of war because of the guaranteed neutrality of the sources of supply and the areas through which an enemy might move against us. It is now a liability; and the change has vitiated earlier concepts of American strategy. The moment these regions of supply and approach are attacked, we are faced with the most arduous and unsatisfactory of military enterprises, a war of recovery, the same kind of hopeless struggle the Western Allies undertook in Norway and Belgium.

The logical military solution is that adopted by Russia on the Baltic and the Prut—preventive conquest of the menaced regions. But this not only involves protecting ourselves against Germany by surrendering to Hitler's methods; it is also beyond any present or visible military capacity of the United States. For our danger-zones include over half a world—all Canada, all Latin America from the Rio Grande to the River Plate, the Dutch Indies, East and West, the Malay Peninsula and the southeastern outlets of China.

We may, I think, reject the possibility of direct attack on the continental United States except as the last phase of a wider movement. Axis strategy demands two things at the outset of any campaign: surprise and overwhelming strength at the point of contact. They could hardly obtain either directly against us.

To achieve a secure lodgment within our limits the enemy would have to bring something like three or four divisions, complete with their necessities except fuel and food. Even with the men packed in like sardines, this involves between forty-five and sixty carrying ships, with naval convoy proportionate. It is most unlikely that so huge a caravan would escape the vigilance of the patrols running between Newfoundland and Trinidad, stimulated to acute vigilance as these would be by the fall or close beleaguerment of England, the only condition under which such a force would dare to set sail.

Even with England down and the expedition free to start, it would at some point in the Atlantic move beyond the zone where shore-based aircraft could protect it and into one where the warship is dominant. Within that ocean-band, it might confidently expect to encounter our Atlantic naval forces. We should lose ships in such an encounter, for the Atlantic Fleet is, and will remain for some time, weaker than the forces that may be brought against it, amounting to no more than four battleships by the summer of 1941 and perhaps eight by the summer of 1942. But no Axis commander would be willing to guarantee the safety of a convoy of vulnerable transports under the attack of such forces. As for direct attack from the Pacific, it would have to encounter our main battle fleet and may be ruled out on these grounds even if distance did not prohibit it.

Yet more—if by force or fraud a convoy of attack succeeded in eluding our naval arm, it would still have to penetrate a zone 300-700-1,000 miles deep around

[1] This is the third article in the series under the general title, "The Next Four Years." – THE EDITORS

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our coasts, in which American aircraft is dominant. The chances are too heavily weighted for the thing to be dared by any military organization that sets such store by precision as the German. We thus arrive at a

First Postulate: We can defend the continental United States against direct overseas attack during the coming four years.

Unfortunately, this is a statement more important for its limits than its inclusions. It excludes raids in the military sense of that term—up to the attack on Coventry, all the bombings in England fell in the raid class. It excludes indirect attack, which is the only kind of attack totalitarianism ever delivers against an opponent so large, so indigestible, so well surrounded by areas of approach as ourselves.

It is with regard to such indirect attack that the question of the surrounding conditions becomes capital. The statement that we could not, even if we would, preventively conquer the danger-areas probably needs no amplification, but the military requirements are not dissimilar from those for defense, and it is worth while throwing a glance at all those thousands of miles of map.

A division on a protective mission is normally assigned to cover some thirty miles of frontage. By the summer of 1941 we shall have an army of some twenty-two divisions of equipped troops, fairly well trained—that is, by no means up to the German level, or even the French or British, probably about on a par with the Belgians or Italians. The vital fleet bases and industrial centers have first call on them; they must be defended against the type of *coup de main* which military phraseology calls a large-scale raid, and against which neither sea nor air power nor any vigilance will give full protection. There are a good many such points. Boston and its area, New York, the Chesapeake Bay region, have been attractive to invaders since the discovery of America. To them modern conditions have added Jacksonville (with the great naval air center); the Caribbean strongholds, particularly Puerto Rico and Trinidad; the Panama Canal; San Diego and the fleet base there; the Puget Sound region; Hawaii; and if we can spare men for them, Greenland, Newfoundland, Bermuda, the Bahamas, Charleston, South Carolina, the Galapagos, San Francisco, Alaska, the Philippines, Guam and Samoa.

Obviously this list of requirements eats up twenty-two divisions and leaves a good deal of empty belly behind it. The army talks hopefully of multiplying the twenty-two-division figure by five in 1942, but they will be lucky if they push it up to sixty, still little, if any, over the minimum protective requirements of modern war. But if in 1942 we have only the minimum necessary to protect territory under the American flag, how are we to make any defense in areas beyond our borders? Especially against totalitarian attack, which uses sudden seizure of the point in question and demands a campaign of reconquest?

We cannot do it today, and the day when we shall be able to do it is only visible at the extreme limit of the Roosevelt presidency, pendant from a series of ifs—if we have enough peace between now and then to develop military strength, if the four years are spent in unremitting effort, directed by a staff which has the nerve to force its way past politics and even the ordinary civilian decencies. Which seems at present well-nigh impossible; which leads to the

Second Postulate: The time is not visible when we can eject an enemy from one of the approach areas in which he has made good his lodgment.

A qualifying phrase should perhaps be added here—with our unaided resources. For the actual conditions under which our armed forces may expect to be called into action lie somewhere between the two postulates. They have been fixed as points a thousand light years out in space from which it is possible to triangulate the boundaries of our actual military universe.

If the limiting conditions include the fall of Britain under Hitler's spring offensive, there is little chance we could protect any but the most insignificant portion of the approach areas. The military leaders of the Axis are surely not such fools as to permit our military program to go through to the point where we can defend those areas if they can help it. Just as soon as they could pick a quarrel with us we could expect to see attacking forces streaming in our direction along two major and at least three minor lines of thrust.

We could certainly expect a full Japanese attack on Singapore, the Philippines and the Dutch East Indies, probably minor Japanese efforts toward Alaska and Samoa. The major effort from Europe would undoubtedly be directed toward the coast of Brazil below Cape San Roque with minor efforts through Martinique toward the Canal, possibly through Mexico, and probably long-range air attempts across the Iceland-Greenland-Canada transit. If any of the minor thrusts were neglected by our strategists they could be expected to develop into main events.

It is worth noting that all these lines of attack depend upon the control of ocean areas. If our sea power were as adequate in quantity as it is in quality (every event of the war has tended to demonstrate the navy is working along the right line), we should have nothing to fear from any quarter. But adequacy against such a multiple attack would be four major battle fleets—one for the Hawaii-Alaska-Panama triangle; one to hold the South Seas from Singapore and Amboyna; one for the North Atlantic and another for the coast of Brazil. It is the military disadvantage of a defense that it must be stronger in every part than the whole mass of the attack.

People ask, for instance—"Why can't our fleet go to

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Singapore and hold off the Japs from there?" It could, if we had enough other defenses for our home coasts, Hawaii and the Panama Canal. But at Singapore the fleet would be two thousand miles farther from any of them than the Japanese fleet. Translated into time, this gives the enemy a considerable period in which to do whatever he pleases, more indeed than is represented by mere mileage, for the distance from Singapore to San Francisco is nearly four times the steaming radius of the fleet, which means that if it were rushing home from the east it would have to stop three times to fuel up.

We cannot, then, defend the vital rubber-tin-tungsten-quinine areas of the South Seas save by a counter-offensive of harassment—cruisers and submarines working out of Singapore—and a long-range blockade of Japan. This would probably be enough to settle the hash of the Japanese if they were all we had to deal with. But the Sons of Heaven would hardly have signed on Hitler's dotted line if they had not received a good assurance that the war would be won for them in other fields before blockade could pull them down.

We cannot defend the Philippines at all. Hawaii is beyond fleet range from them. It is true that in anything but a long war, it is unlikely that the Japanese could conquer the islands, either. But their war objective there is not subjugation (which could come later) but destruction of the islands' military importance, which could be achieved in a few months. The most we can do in the East is run that long-range blockade and build up to an effort at reconquest of the seized areas.

Nor, if the fleet is in the Pacific, can we hope to hold Brazil and what really matters of South America. From Dakar, already in Axis hands, it is 1,700 miles to Natal and Pernambuco. From New York or Norfolk to the same points it is 3,700 miles—more than the distance across the Atlantic—and it is as far from the Canal.

That is, South America below the capes of Brazil is strategically an appanage of Gibraltar and the west coast of Africa. To protect or to retake that area, an American force must travel nearly as far as it would from Seattle to Japan; a European force need only go the distance from Galveston to Puerto Rico.

The new base at Trinidad, when it is in working order, sometime in 1942 (how that date recurs in defense discussions!), will help some, but not enough. From Trinidad it is still some 2,000 miles around Cape San Roque to the points Europe would find most comfortable as stepping stones to our hemisphere. This is just about fleet cruising radius from Trinidad, assuming we could call the Pacific fleet in for the business.

For the Atlantic fleet would be no use down there. Operating thus, near the limit of its range, a fleet must make heavy deductions for ships going to and returning from base, and the Atlantic fleet is too small to spare those deductions—it could work in the South Atlantic only from the Brazilian harbors themselves, in which case it would be no defense to our home shores.

Nor is there much nourishment in counting on the South Americans to make their own defense. Brazil is not very well knit nationally, has already had one Fascist uprising and contains as many Germans as it does trained native soldiers. The air force is of 150 obsolete planes, and the navy of sixteen obsolete ships that do not put to sea more than forty days a year. Lacking the ships to keep a European enemy from the coast, the only way we could defend Brazil is by garrisons in the principal ports. As a practical political matter, this is impossible. As a matter of practical strategy, we can expect the Axis to deliver just that double attack—South Seas and Brazil—which would force upon us a choice of which point to let go, which to defend.

If Britain falls this spring, then, we can hardly hope to defend anything beyond Trinidad. We may be able to defend only that much even if Britain stands out. It is perfectly conceivable that the Axis might take Gibraltar and lay the island of empire under so close a siege that the British navy would be removed from the South Atlantic. Then also we might expect attack through Brazil, airplane raids on the Canal and a drive up the ladder of the Caribbean.

Yet at the present rate of progress in our armaments there seems little prospect that we can do more during the third Roosevelt presidency than await these attacks and fight them off as they come. Would additional bases help? We have not the men and guns to hold those recently acquired from England. Airplanes? Surely—if they can be pushed faster than they are coming now. Ships? Army training? Equipment? The same.

The only thing that would do any real good, that would increase the range of our defenses and hurry on their effectiveness, is a general awareness of the danger and the effort that would flow out of such an awareness. Goodbye to our precious standard of living, the unlimited right to strike, all the things we have been clinging to and working for during a generation. This and this alone will give us defense during the next four hard years.

FLETCHER PRATT

From the Side of a Hill

Light or shadow moves above the valley,
  Whose various hues of green
Alter, under that pressure, fade, or darken
  Like landscape seen
Lifted or sinking slowly under water.

Beyond this pleasure let the mind not tarry,
  No summer movement take
Save wind among the oats, no sound acknowledge
  But what the branches make
When the leaves shake and sound in air like water.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

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Hearst Over Hollywood

Will Hollywood stand up to William Randolph Hearst over the matter of Orson Welles's film, "Citizen Kane"? RKO, the distributor, announces that it is going ahead with plans to show the picture. It has been booked into the number-one movie house of the nation, the Radio City Music Hall in New York City, and many other places. But the films are so notoriously timid when confronted by the power of a journalistic overlord like Hearst that many people find it hard to believe the producers really intend to defy the lord of San Simeon.

Hollywood trembled when the first threats came that the Hearst newspapers would open an editorial attack upon the motion-picture industry unless the film was censored or suppressed. Underlings of the aged publisher made the threat after seeing the picture. Nothing was put into writing, but Variety, on January 15, reported that "steady bombardment from the heaviest editorial artillery in the Hearst press is faced by the entire film industry as a result of the fury into which William Randolph Hearst has been thrown by the revelation that the story of 'Citizen Kane,' Orson Welles's first film, bears similarity to the life of the publisher."

Variety also said that Hearst, through his Hollywood agent, Columnist Louella Parsons, would sue for an injunction to restrain RKO, as distributor, from releasing Welles's movie. The "bombardment" would deal with employment of aliens in Hollywood, the alleged inclusion of risqué lines and scenes in scripts despite the Hays office, and with the private lives and business affairs of certain film magnates. Hearst papers, it was feared, might carry full accounts of the forthcoming trial of Joseph M. Schenck, president of Twentieth Century-Fox, in New York on income-tax charges, and any similar stories of Hollywood or Wall Street they could get hold of.

The Hays office (Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America) issued a statement that it would observe a hands-off policy in the controversy between the publisher and Welles. The neutral position of the Hays office, which is supposed to defend the interests of RKO as well as those of other companies, is reminiscent of the sterling fortitude displayed by the late Neville Chamberlain when Hitler trampled Czecho-Slovakia. It also suggests the attitude of many film-industry leaders—those who control the policies of the Hays office. There seems to be no inclination in these circles to condemn Hearst or his lieutenants for their threat to free speech and freedom of the screen.

Hearst has already made one overt move. Even before Miss Parsons and the attorneys saw the picture, he ordered all mention of RKO films and players to be kept out of the drama sections of his newspapers. Thus, for instance, in Los Angeles, a review of Christopher Morley's "Kitty Foyle," which RKO made with Ginger Rogers, was published only in one edition of The Los Angeles Examiner. The Detroit Times, another Hearst journal, had been running advertisements that it would carry a serialization of "Kitty Foyle" as written by Morley. Suddenly the exploitation campaign stopped and the serial has not been published in The Times. Use of the serial in the paper had been arranged by RKO to publicize the picture.

Orson Welles wrote the script of "Citizen Kane," played the leading role, directed and produced the picture. The story deals with a young heir to a fortune in mining stock who comes to New York from the West, launches a gaudy newspaper, campaigns for the governorship of New York and editorializes vigorously for war with Spain in Cuba. He attempts to promote the fortunes of a pretty, blonde opera singer and fires his best writer for doing a concert review that showed the lady's singular lack of talent. At the end, embittered and unlamented, he dies amid the splendors of a great Florida castle he stuffed with antiques and art treasures.

Charles Kane differs from William Randolph Hearst in many ways. For one thing, he is a sympathetic character. And there is nothing peculiar to Hearst in Kane's passion for art collecting. The Sultan of San Simeon brought a few new tricks to yellow journalism, but he was, by no stretch of imagination, the only publisher to glory in sensationalism. History is filled with such characters as Citizen Kane.

The excitement over "Citizen Kane" started when Welles showed a rough cut of the picture to several reviewers who had to write pre-dated reviews for national magazines. Word began to leak out that the story paralleled Hearst's life. Immediately Miss Parsons demanded to be shown the film. An appointment was made for her to have a showing. She appeared with two Los Angeles Hearst attorneys, A. Laurence Mitchell and Oscar Lawler. Miss Parsons and the lawyers sat through the picture in silence and left the RKO projection room without bidding goodbye to Welles.

The Associated Press and the United Press did not print the story despite the fact that Orson Welles is excellent copy. Hearst is a member of the AP and a profitable client of the UP. Time carried a story which did not touch upon important aspects of the situation. The New York Times published an excellent article by the most competent correspondent in Hollywood, Douglas Churchill. The New York Post also had good

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coverage. PM at first characterized the matter as a "publicity stunt," but later admitted that Hearst's antipathy was real. There was mention of the incident by two syndicated columnists, Hedda Hopper, who writes for The Des Moines Register and Tribune group, and John Truesdell, of Esquire Features. The Los Angeles Times carried Miss Hopper's story. Daily Variety, edited in Hollywood by Arthur Ungar, published full accounts, as did the weekly edition of Variety, which is printed in New York.

William Wilkerson, publisher of The Hollywood Reporter, penned a front-page editorial attacking George Schaefer, president of RKO, for allowing Welles to make "Citizen Kane." Wilkerson said that Schaefer made a mistake in permitting one man to write, produce and direct a picture and to act in it. Hollywood is oozing with synthetic geniuses; an authentic one would be a menace. Welles did no bootlicking. He defied the Hollywood caste system, ate with his aides and even was seen publicly with people who made less than $1,000 a week. Instead of casting shopworn stars he brought his Mercury Players out from New York for the picture. Now, in certain quarters, he is the greatest villain in Hollywood. Instead of praising him for his forthright determination to make an interesting character study, even if it did offend Hearst, instead of condemning the effrontery of anyone who tries to suppress a creative work, some leaders of the industry say privately that Orson Welles must be stopped. Whether they will join hands with William Randolph Hearst to do the job remains to be seen.

MICHAEL SAGE

Our Last Minority: Youth

SOMEBODY should write a handbook on how to create a minority group. We keep talking about minorities as if they were a fact of nature like lakes and rivers. Actually there are definite rules in the game of creating them. First you have to label them, and you may choose a classification by skin color, by sex, by religion, by occupation, by whether they live north or south of the Mason and Dixon Line, or on the wrong side of the tracks, or whether they came to America before or after 1890. According to your taste, you can put one hundred people in one pigeonhole or distribute these same people into a hundred differently labeled pigeonholes. However arbitrary the classification, you write your label with a capital letter, and your description as if everybody in the group could be identified by the same traits. You give this group special treatment, special disabilities, special taboos—and, sure enough, it becomes special. It does not take long. Lines of cleavage emerge under your eyes; both sides take up the cudgels. Obviously you were right in the criteria you chose for your minority group, for now the minority group is fenced off and fighting. The schism grows.

Our latest minority group is Youth. When I was young it was women; they were special animals who belonged in the home. Young people in those days were either boys or girls, and the main problem was how to treat girls. But it was a classification which grouped the girls with women and the boys with men. Our children were men and women in the making and they were not different animals. It was very sophisticated to talk of the stress and strain of Adolescence, and it was supposed that the difficulties they were going through were ones their parents had gone through when they were also adolescent; it was part of the human nature in which all beings shared.

Anthropology had something to do with breaking down our old reliance on a universal category called Adolescent Problems which so comfortably bolstered a sense of continuity down the generations. But anthropology is far from supporting our present-day alarmists; they have leaped out of the frying pan into the fire. They have invented a dogma which is painful to anyone who has studied young people growing up to be Zulus and Apaches and Samoans, and who then turns from such a laboratory to look again at our own dilemmas.

For the dogma of the older generation in America at the moment is that Youth's character structure is different from theirs; these Youth have no moral sense, they are spineless—or else they are too aggressive—they are out for themselves; they criticize the system instead of shouldering responsibilities; they demand the material things of life instead of the spiritual; they are certainly not respectful of their elders. In short, they have lost the virtues that make up character.

The anthropologist has a lot of experience in studying different character structures in different societies, but in America today the character of youth seems from all the evidence as like to that of us, its elders, as two pins are to each other. We taught them our own standard of success: it lay in the material world and money was the measure of it. We taught them our own standard of property: its possession was an ego value and it was the trump card in the absorbing game of human rivalry. We taught them our own sense of sin in falling short of standards. We taught them that it was humiliating to take a hand-out but glorious to win in gambling. They learned these lessons just as we meant them to; their characters were formed on the same patterns as our own. Youth is not a different

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animal; rather it is an identical breed that has been put out to a different pasture.

As if it had been plotted for an ironic demonstration, this pasture is a negation of everything we taught them they should live for. We taught them, first and foremost, that success lay in being independent, not in the sense of being willing to be a minority of one, but in the sense of being able to pay one's bills and to pay bigger and better bills. But times have changed. They cannot get jobs; their farms are mortgaged to the banks; they cannot get independence. This independence they expected, too, was to have carried a great measure of personal autonomy with it: the privilege of marrying and having children, of choosing which house they'd live in. The CCC and the NYA are as confusing therefore as being dependent on one's father for ten years after school is over. We taught them, too, that a man could succeed by his own efforts, and in this world in which they have been dumped, they are frightened and guilty, not just because they are afraid of the next day, the next week, when they may not have food and shelter, but because such lack, we taught them, is a personal failure.

If our young people had accommodated themselves to relief hand-outs and were saying now that it was an imposition on them to give up relief to take a job, we could well speak of a character change. It would not be an "unnatural" reaction, for practically every people in the world would feel that to labor eight hours a day without choosing one's tasks oneself was a dog's life to which minimal subsistence without effort was immeasurably preferable. The character structure of Americans is something quite special in the world, but, such as it is, it is common to our young people and to our old. From every part of the country the reports on youth are constant and repetitious: they want jobs. They do not want mothering; they want to be independent, and having a job still means to them the passport to participation and achievement in American life.

Youth are like their elders, too, in the way in which they react to experiences they do not like. They grind their teeth, but they learned the gesture from us, their elders. And except that certain youth complaints are given more publicity in the press, their complaints apparently cover much the same gamut. There are those of the younger generation who hate government influence and are all out for Britain, as well as those who crusade for federal support of full employment and no foreign entanglements. Even when the occasions differ on which the younger generation and the older generation fall into fighting mood today, the reaction is the same. Their generation, like ours, makes no moral virtue of accepting things meekly as the will of God. Nor do they—or we—follow the Stoic virtue of indifference to the external world. These are both virtues with the most honorable history, but they are not our virtues; if our young people had swung to these, we should be justified in speaking of character change. Instead youth has felt humiliated by unemployment, and its way of lessening this humiliation is by youth organizations which devote themselves principally to the grinding of teeth. Youth organizations enroll a very small part of our young people, but they are healthy examples of the American Way and quite in the manner of their country.

Down all our history the values nearest to American hearts have been the values that cluster around individualism. On this we base our national credo, and under this banner we conquered the wilderness, fought monopolies and today fight governmental regulations and reclamations. It is a credo that can be used on all sides of all questions, but it has been simon-pure in shaping our habits of social thinking to one simple formula: people's behavior is due to just one thing, their character. If young people boo a measure of public policy, and their elders commend it, their virtues and vices are different. The anthropologist knows that this formula is a case of a cultural compulsive, a half-truth our civilization has fostered to its own confusion. Behavior is always an interaction between people's character and their opportunities. The sternest virtues of independence will turn sour when people are denied independence; the fullest acceptance of moral responsibility for one's own acts is a liability when one is caught in a maelstrom for which one has no responsibility.

To the anthropologist no one particular character structure has absolute worth or in itself promotes an effective and vigorous society. The inculcated virtues must be of a sort made use of in the social order. Otherwise the rarest virtues unfit their owner for his adult experience and exact high toll in terms of lowered social morale.

Such lack of consonance between virtues fostered in a society and social orders which frustrate these virtues is one of the common tragedies that can befall a tribe or nation. It can befall us too, and for the majority of those now entering their thirties, it has befallen them. Shocked and guilty and tight-lipped as they are, they are so because they are like us, not because they are different. The elder generation should say, "There but for the grace of God go I," and learn from them how it too would have behaved if it had been bred to the extra-materialistic dream of the twenties and then cut loose without a sou to earn. Such attitudes would go far toward closing the breach between youth and its elders and we should not be so apt to scold. Our attention would be concentrated instead on providing the conditions under which our favorite American virtues can operate without individual and social tragedy. If we are in earnest about preserving our American virtues, we will count no price too high.

RUTH BENEDICT

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Ernest Bevin

NEXT TO MR. CHURCHILL, the dominant figure in the British government is undoubtedly Ernest Bevin, Socialist member of the War Cabinet and Minister for Labor. He is in the direct line for the premiership, although in British political astrology that is rarely a safe prediction; the wilderness of Westminster is littered with "future Prime Ministers."

Indeed his friends and followers who want to see him Prime Minister would say devoutly, "But not yet!" He is not an alternative to Churchill as wartime Prime Minister. For one thing, Churchill is the bulkhead between Left and Right. He can "use" the Labor Ministers, grant them social reforms and industrial concessions and he can keep in check the powerful anti-Socialist forces in the Tory Party, including Bevin's rival, the mercurial Lord Beaverbrook. If Churchill, for any reason, ceased to be Prime Minister, the Right would resist Bevin as his successor. The cleavage between Left and Right would produce disruption.

Apart from that, Bevin's qualities are those of a reconstruction Prime Minister of a Socialist administration. He has perhaps seen himself in that role, for he is the only statesman who consistently discusses wartime changes in terms of peacetime reconstruction, who looks beyond the expediencies of the moment and conceives the needs beyond the war. It was his rarely appreciated merit as a trade-union leader that he could foresee changes in the structure of industry and that he had more than a "next-pay-day" mind.

Bevin is feared and even hated by the extremes on Left and Right. Of all the Labor leaders, he is the one most violently attacked by the Communists, and with reason, for he has been heavy-fisted in his dealings with them, particularly in the London bus strike. High finance and big business regard him as their greatest danger, and already there is plenty of evidence of a campaign of detraction.

In his origins, Bevin came of the humblest stock. He was born to poverty and hardship in a West Country village. Both his parents died when he was young and he began work on a farm at the age of ten and a half. He himself has said: "We worked seven days a week and only knew it was Sunday because we always had jam on the pudding for dinner." Migrating to Bristol, he became a page-boy in a restaurant. Successively, he was a street-car conductor, a clerk and a truck-driver.

His education, both general and political, was self-acquired. At twenty-six, he was secretary of the unemployed movement in Bristol. For five years he went without work. "One had to eat," he has said, "so I stole." He joined the Dockers' Union and was elected a delegate in 1910.

That was the beginning of the career which was to make him the most powerful figure in the trade-union movement. He was the chief architect of the Transport and General Workers' Union, into which he amalgamated thirty-six others. He won his title of "the Dockers' K. C." by his masterly handling of their case demanding $3.50 a day before a public inquiry which obtained a national agreement.

He repeatedly proved that in addition to a strong personality he had a keen brain, capable of grasping the most difficult problems. He explored high finance when he served on the MacMillan Commission, which investigated the banking system, and his cross-examination of experts on the intricacies of banking amazed both them and his colleagues.

His work at the International Labor Office was outstanding and he created the Scientific Advisory Committee which, through no fault of his, the Trade Union Congress has never known how to use. He saw the need of bringing the scientists into conjunction with the trade-union leaders, making them realize the meaning of impending changes, produced by scientific discovery, and the impact which they were bound to have on craft unions. With twelve of Britain's greatest scientists at their disposal, he hoped that they would anticipate and accelerate progress which had hitherto hit them unawares, creating resistances and frictions.

This appreciation of the expert has always seemed a contradiction in one who openly despises the "intellectual." By that term, opprobrious to manual workers, he probably means the political theorist. He is an uncomfortable parliamentarian, who, if he had his way, would meet the Commons as rarely as possible, on the excuse that he wants to get on with his job. When he was appointed Minister for Labor by Churchill, without a seat in Parliament, he showed no haste to gain one, and when he did, it was by the device of elevating a Labor M. P. to the peerage. His relations with the parliamentary Labor Party have never been cordial, for it is characteristic of the man that he rarely disguises his feelings or qualifies his opinions. When he was on the industrial side of the movement, that was understandable. Now that he is a member of Parliament, it can prove awkward. It has already led to frictions with what has been facetiously called "the De Gaulle Labor Party," the Shadow Opposition of Labor Members outside the government.

Yet, if he is still an unskilled parliamentarian, he has been an astute politician who has never been afraid of taking an unpopular line when, with clearer sight than most, he has seen the trend of events. That was brutally true in his handling of the Labor Party Conference in 1935. After eighteen years of faith in the

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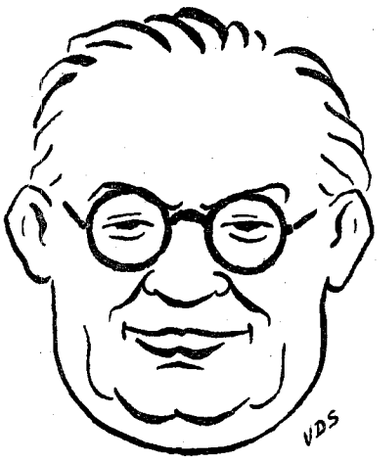
League of Nations and the gospel of disarmament and collective security, the party was faced with the issue of rearmament and the menace of Hitler. The movement was divided. Its leader was the benign and beloved pacifist, George Lansbury, who was faithful to his beliefs. The burly figure of Bevin strode to the rostrum and confronted a meeting divided over an ideal. Mercilessly, with words that were like body-blows, he smashed at Lansbury. The meeting was shocked by the ruthlessness of the attack, but dominated by the logic of the attacker. He carried the day and Lansbury resigned the leadership to Attlee.



Recently, devout parliamentarians were equally shocked when, outraging the "decencies" of Commons practice, which decree that no Minister shall reveal the skeletons in his predecessor's cupboard, Bevin declared from the Front Bench, which he shares with Ernest Brown, now Secretary of State for Scotland, that he had found chaos in the Ministry of Labor when he took over from Brown.

His appointment as Minister of Labor was hailed. He had to find the men while Morrison, then Minister of Supply, had to find materials, to make good the wasted years of appeasement and the lost equipment of the British Expeditionary Force. Confidently he went to the workers and asked them to surrender into his hands their hard-won rights and conditions of employment. Like Churchill he offered them "blood and sweat" in return, but he also gave his pledge that they would be the ultimate gainers. They trusted him and agreed to the invasion of the crafts by trainees and by women. They agreed to long hours and to restriction of employment. He went to the employers and told them bluntly that "their day was done" and, aghast, they applauded him.

One of his first acts was to engage a "Brains Trust," in the form of a Board of Labor Supply. Later, he formed a Welfare Board to guard the conditions of work which the workers had entrusted to him. Behind him were unlimited powers of compulsion—that Act, which, in a few moments, Attlee had presented to the Commons and which, with the acclaim of the members and the country, took over, on the statute book, rights of property and even of person.

He has critics in plenty. His policy at the Ministry of Labor is under constant fire. There are those who say that he cannot be a member of the War Cabinet, preoccupied with major strategy and wide issues, and do justice to a department like the Ministry of Labor, with its day-to-day program and complications. His defenders retort that he maintains close supervision of the progress of the policy he lays down. Others contend that he should be Minister for Industry in the War Cabinet, embodying the powers of the Production Committee and directing the Supply Ministries from above and not from within. He is accused of relying too much upon persuasion and compromise and he is alleged to be a "dictator." This last is because of his dominating personality, his forceful and often brusque manner and his impatience with critics.

But, above all things, Bevin hates the dictators. Friend of the Russian Revolution, he is the bitter critic of the present regime in Russia, although not implacably opposed to the Soviet. Never an appeaser, he loathes Hitler and all his works and has always coöperated closely with the German underground movement. The measure of the Nazi fear of Bevin is the torrent of abuse which is daily poured upon him over the German radio.

Never once in any of his public utterances since his accession to power has he failed to underline, whether his audiences were Tory business men or workers in the factory canteens, that the outcome of this war must be social security. Never once has he quibbled about socialism or trimmed his politics to his office. He keeps the issues of the post-war world squarely before him while he wages war on Hitler. He has advocated federalism. He has propounded his views on international economy and the common purpose of all peoples.

"We shall not be led into the mistakes we made after the last war," he declared recently. "There must be no indulging in mere platitudes about 'homes for heroes to live in' and that kind of thing. The last twenty years have demonstrated that security cannot be attained by arms; it can only be attained by the enshrinement of power in the people. You cannot have social security based on the present economic order. It is no good going to the teeming millions of Europe . . . and talking merely Gladstonian liberty. You have got to give a new hope and set a new example—social security before profit. Privilege must disappear."

At the Trade Union Congress, he lambasted the old diplomacy and scourged the Foreign Office and its embassies with their upper-class traditions. The state schoolboy who saves Britain in a Spitfire also deserves a chance to shape the new order, he said.

There is no "Vichy" about Bevin. He is in this war to win it. When it was suggested that certain ministerial departments might leave London, he thundered, "When I quit London it will be with a bayonet in my back!" There was no more talk of moving.

Ernest Bevin has character and courage. He has ability and vision. Is he Britain's Man of Destiny?

RITCHIE CALDER

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Washington Notes

Business Men Say Phooey

IF THIS COUNTRY isn't going to be involved in war in Europe or the Far East, if all the aid we mean to give England is that set down in the list recently submitted by Mr. Purvis of the British Purchasing Mission, then our arms program is reasonably satisfactory. Or at least this is the argument that the OPM's defenders use in justifying it. Equipment for an American army of 1,500,000 men, together with the equipment specified by the English, they point out, has now been largely ordered. Production in many cases is slow, but no altogether fatal kinks or snarls have appeared.

If everything is cheery, however, why do we find a small-scale civil war in progress within the OPM itself? The same secrecy—about which many protests have been made in these Notes—still enshrouds the defense organization. Nevertheless, the essential trouble seems clear enough. It is the reluctance of business men to accept discipline, their constant tendency to chisel and profiteer. None of the dollar-a-year men will make public accusations against others of their group. But it is this obstructiveness of a minority that is at the back of the row over Mr. Nelson's powers, and of Mr. Henderson's temporary retirement from the priorities committee.

The attitude within the OPM is that, since the program as a whole is moving with reasonable smoothness, and, since no violent public scandal has yet occurred, newspaper correspondents—and outsiders generally—ought to keep their noses out of the OPM's business. And, in fairness, I should admit that I have no substantial, legal evidence to bring against the OPM. But consider the implications of the recent controversy surrounding Mr. Nelson. Under the old NDAC, he had supervisory powers over what might be called the non-blood-letting part of the army's supplies: that is, uniforms, bedding, housekeeping gear. With the new OPM, Mr. Nelson proposed that his group have authority to coördinate all purchases, including many sorts of weapons. Immediately stories were set afloat in Washington that Mr. Nelson was about to be rapped on the knuckles, that his presumptuous grab for power would never succeed.

These stories were read by Mr. Patterson, the Undersecretary of War, who promptly telephoned Mr. Nelson, telling him that he thought his proposal for coördinated purchasing was extremely sensible, and offering friendly support. Then, as nearly as I can discover, the two men, one in the OPM and one in the War Department, discovered that their respective groups were allied against them, that the dollar-a-year men in the OPM and minor officers —in at least one case, a reserve officer—under the Army and Navy Munitions Board were engaged in little secret deals to boost prices and change specifications.

After a reported appeal to the President, Mr. Nelson received his sought-for authority. But the basic weakness—that the OPM and the War Department both contain men who appear more concerned to advantage private corporations than to hurry up defense—still remains. Your correspondent has made inquiries about a number of odd-smelling contracts. With negotiated contracts, it is always easy for War Department spokesmen to justify a given price. "Maybe it is a little high," they say, "but we had to have speed—the British, you know." When you point out long standing friendships among War Department reserve officers, OPM officials and corporation heads, they answer, first, that the defense program is now starting to roll, and, second, that the persons mentioned are all, all honorable men. No one, not even Mr. Nelson with his just granted authority, has the power to break up these conspiracies.

Mr. Henderson's withdrawal to Florida, by all accounts, was due to much the same sort of dollar-a-year recalcitrance. In the old NDAC, he had virtually sole jurisdiction over prices, and used his power lustily to whack the steel-scrap dealers, the suppliers of lumber for cantonments. Under the OPM, authority over prices rests with a priorities committee of which a majority are ex-business men. Since last August nearly all industrial commodities have been engaged in a slow creep upwards; in many cases, notably non-ferrous metals, action is urgently needed. Mr. Roosevelt has promised that Mr. Henderson will shortly return to duty. But no one person can single-handedly wipe out the OPM's big-business leanings.

Another example of the OPM's essential attitude has arisen in the farming-out program. For about three months —particularly since Mr. Reuther of the United Automobile Workers put forward his program for organizing the resources of the automobile industry—the OPM has been professedly urging manufacturers to subcontract orders. Under the auspices of Mr. Hillman's labor division, public-spirited citizens of Kansas City and surrounding towns made a survey of idle machinery that could be used for armaments, and this list was furnished OPM contract holders. Now congressmen from that area are publicly complaining that Eastern corporations, far from farming out their orders, are buying up Kansas City's machine tools and shipping them to their home plants, and, worse, enticing away Kansas City's skilled workers.

During the last few days, reports of a new, radically changed administration farm program have been circulated. Department of Agriculture officials, however, while admitting that action of some sort is badly needed, say that no new program has yet been decided on, and, because of the lateness of the season, none can be submitted to Congress for the coming crop year. Ironically enough, the most promising New Deal device for dealing with the present mounting surpluses, the food-stamp idea, is being curtailed. When the budget bureau learned that the WPA expected fewer relief clients for the 1942 fiscal year, it joyfully slashed the Surplus Commodity Corporation's appropriations. There is still a faint chance that Congress can be persuaded to increase the budget bureau's estimates. The most interesting innovation planned for the coming year is an extension of the food-stamp plan to textiles. However, it will be confined entirely to cotton planters, who, in return for not planting, will receive stamps entitling them to buy sheets, pillow cases, table cloths and napkins, underclothing.

Proposals for the exchange of agricultural products

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among countries of the Western Hemisphere have turned out to be, in practice, extremely modest. Department of Agriculture authorities would like to dispose of lard and dried fruits; there is a "prune situation," as one of them expressed it. In return, they are prepared to take from Latin America cocoa, to be served children in free school lunches, and possibly bananas. There is some doubt about bananas. If children or relief clients are to receive fruit, why not some good old United States surplus fruits?

Washington T. R. B.

Theatre Liberty

Liberty Jones, by Philip Barry. Shubert Theatre, February 5, 1941.

REMEMBERING the fact that I am a dramatic critic, I see no reason why I should fall into an error that is the original sin, as it were, of criticism everywhere. I ought to try, that is, not to punish a dramatist because he has tried a new form, or at least a form that is different from the ordinary run of theatre, or different from the kind of thing that he has proved he can do successfully. What he is doing in the new venturing is an effort—better still if it is first an impulse and then an effort—to extend, or freshen, theatre technique, thus making possible an extension, or freshening, of content. This, of course, is nothing more than what has always gone on in organic life, and also in art, which is only another form of life.

When this process, in an art, does not happen, we have a gradual dying. The tendency is toward husks in which the content grows uncertain in its vitality, losing the inner force that moves toward finding a due body for it, which expresses it and is inseparable from it. Clearly the perilous matter of birth, or creation, is involved. In a profound sense, which is to say with regard to the artist himself, we may recall Freud's saying that all coming to consciousness is accompanied by pain, and from that remark may go on to explore the point. In an objective and practical sense, which is to say with regard to the critics and the public, the dramatist runs the chance of meeting up with what many artists under like circumstances have met with in many places and many epochs.

It is only natural that a critic should react in this way, for what the artist does is a form of assertion, and therefore a challenge. Take the case. Ordinarily the critic, relaxed and even enjoying himself at times, amid some familiar examples of theatre, reacts with confidence, and feels no discomfort about the esthetic bases he may have to rest on for his criticism. The criticism may turn out along the well known lines, differing, of course, among various occasions and critics, in the amount of praise, damnation, scrutiny, skimming, effusiveness or scorn, and so on and so on. But let the playwright make an about-face in his work and march, or drop his former style, or ignore a more or less sure-fire dramatic product and prosperity, willfully passing by his trusty experience, and leaving one form for another's sake!—the critic will spring to attention, for this is quite another matter.

At the worst the critic seems to be indignant and to set out on a kind of man-hunt, as if to track down the playwright for daring this fresh turn and saucy start at whatever it is. Whatever and however, it is as much as his life is worth to face this critic with it. Critics of a better type may, or may not, comprehend what the play means or what the dramatist is trying to do; and they may, or may not, try to comprehend what he is trying to do. But no matter what, this last is the first principle that the critic should follow. Ethically and esthetically, he is bound, to the best of his ability, to make this effort to understand what the dramatist's intention is. The critic must observe, analyze, strive to dilate his means of vision and, patiently and generously, to enlarge the avenues of his perception and response. A dash of humility on his part is often advisable under these circumstances. After he has done his best at this, he will then make a synthesis of all he has been able to gather, and will try to gauge by that the extent to which the dramatist has achieved what he aimed to do.

Apropos of Mr. Philip Barry's new play, we have the example of one of our American dramatists who is not content with his theatrical *status quo*. That he can do another sort of thing we all know; and if not, have only to look about us at his "Philadelphia Story," which left its long New York run for an equally long tour of the country, and now, with the same Katharine Hepburn starring in it there too, meets its own rival breaking records in the films. Mr. Barry turns aside, with the full folly of his dreams, if you like, to venture into another region, far-off and diverse indeed, made up of fantasy and spectacle, music and words meant to be free at will of either prose actuality or poetical and literary requirements. What chances in commercial rewards and happy planes of private indulgence in spirit Mr. Barry undertook should be obvious—he may even have put some of his livelier earnings into the production. All that is his business. The point is that if he as a dramatist can do all this, the least I can do as a critic is to give his play my genuine attention as audience, and as a reviewer to convey as well as I can my experience of it.

When it comes to "Liberty Jones," I am afraid a part of the trouble with me was that I began by taking it, or its tone, too seriously. This was not entirely my fault. Miss Nancy Coleman as Liberty Jones lying there on her deathbed, seemed to imply a sad situation, not to speak of a certain monotony in her acting and the great number of her pauses, too long and too much the same, which if they did not sadden the moment helped to blur and drag it. In this scene—the only scene she had, I am sorry to say—however, Miss Katherine Squire, as Liberty's nurse, forwarded matters with a performance full of an elusive, tart whimsy, very fine cueing, and a neat total of beautiful style. Mr. John Beal excepted, Miss Squire's performance might serve as a lesson for the whole company.

What Mr. John Beal brings to the special uses and demands of this special piece of theatre is not easy to convey. His stage presence and freshness of attack are highly agreeable; his ability to absorb himself into the scene is in this case invaluable. The finest element in his performance, however, proceeds from some inner source, personal and delicate and at the same time extraordinarily lyric. This inner respect for the emotion and spiritual conflict is combined with a careful and honest stage technique.

As for the meanings and symbols in Mr. Barry's play, it seemed to me, at the time and on reflection, that he ends by being both too explicit and not explicit enough. For

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example, it is made so clear that Liberty Jones is a symbol and what she is a symbol for, that we are led to wonder more than ever what some of the other characters symbolize, and thus are left the more puzzled. I will not dwell on the point. This confusion, or sense of confusion, which is the same thing in the theatre, and the failure in both play and production to establish one dominant tone for the whole thing, are the two main causes for the play's failure to come off. Divers themes—liberty, youth, isolation, etc., are doubtless meant. If the play must leave them so vague, I can scarcely ask more of a review.

The décor for the production, by Mr. Raoul Pène Du Bois, does achieve one tone, decorative and happy. The scene where the back walls are removed and we see the columns and Liberty's bed against the whole sky of night, is fresh in its dramatic effect and beautiful. Mr. John Boles's music, with that use he can make of single instruments, strangely complete pools that are but a few sounds actually, and movements swelling or fading or throbbing out of earshot and creating a marvelous invitation to the words, seemed to me a delight and a fine element. STARK YOUNG

Jazz at Random

I'M AFRAID the public is being given the idea that the BMI-ASCAP feud is merely a private and alphabetical squabble and no worse than a bad cold. Don't take it, public. You may not recall without being reminded that (even apart from the fact that BMI is actually a step in the radio trust's advance to take over everything in the world not nailed down) Stephen Foster was the author of Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair, which is BMI's candidate for laughter these days, giving natural rise to japes on the Silver Threads Among That Thar Gold pattern. And that Stephen Foster died with his fine songs all around him in the air of the country, and without the price of a meal. ASCAP is doubtless on the fat and foolish side in administrative details. But it is the one guarantor that a man with the kind of fey mind which gives off the lovely things people sing forever will not have to sell every piece of him for so much temporary tin to any greasy little entrepreneur with an office in his hat and no more appreciation of talent than it takes to plunder it, and prosper.

It is pretty clear around New York that jazz has gone back to its obscure and unprofitable limbo again. And not only in New York at that, for who are the top bands in the country? Glenn Miller, with a watered-down version of what Benny Goodman's idea was when he started it six years ago; Guy Lombardo, with a scrupulously edited version of nothing at all; Kay Kyser, a zany practically innocent of all musical knowledge. In most of the small spots where jazz had a chance because enough Joe Rah-Rahs had been sold the idea that swing was the thing, the good men now can't get a job. There is a joint called Nick's where some of the good men are constantly being invited to "work," but naturally won't, because while this Nick is a very lusty man on the customer's checks, the word has got around everywhere that the "job" doesn't pay off. And there is a place called the Hickory House where there have been good bands, but not for keeps or the sake of music.

There is a slight riffle in the form of a Sunday-afternoon swing club, run by Milt Gabler on Fifty-second Street; men like Peewee Russell get there about the only chance they have to play these days, but the thing is pretty much a brawl. About the best bet in town is to go down on lower Seventh Avenue, where you can fall through a trap in the sidewalk into the Village Vanguard and catch one of the three shows nightly put on by the inimitable Revuers, who are back there again, and hear some pretty steady music from Zuty Singleton's small combination.

In the recording field there is not much excitement unless you excite easily. There is a tendency I hope is not going to become a habit, however. It's nothing new but it seems to be spreading, and that is the idea of blowing a three-minute number up into five or even nine minutes, which means one or both sides of a twelve-inch record. Whiteman of course used to do this, and even found a few cases where it was justified (*e. g.*, Rhapsody in Blue); and everybody and his brother has taken a lick at it from time to time. But now at about the same time Benny Goodman is starting off his new band with twelve-inchers, Artie Shaw—also with a new outfit—comes down on us with a thing he calls Concerto for Clarinet, two long sides.

Now a thing about jazz is that the average tune has got just about enough material to fill the three minutes or less of the average ten-inch side. Stretching it farther by "arranging" is usually dangerous; it begins to sound pretentious and thin. It is true that on a stand the men may seem to be getting a little more than usual out of a tune, or improvisation on it, in which case but only in which case, you say "Take another." But a recording is made in a studio at some awful hour; nobody is really up yet; everything is planned out coldly and tastes like the bottom of a birdcage. So a concerto which is not a concerto in any structural form at all, and which on the second side is really nothing but Benny's old horror, called Sing, Sing, Sing, is bound to be a recording neither apt nor happy.

Still I like the first side, for this Mr. Shaw plays a lot of music, is one of the few willing to try something different in a rapidly hardening field, and he knows a musician when he sees one. (A dozen bands should have been scrambling for Billy Butterfield when he got the squeeze from the Crosby group, for he is the only really exciting new man to be heard in ten years. They weren't, and Shaw got him.) He has a large band now, twenty-odd pieces, and he is resuming his experiments with the use of a string section in jazz orchestration. If he, if anybody with a name and an instrument and a sense of jazz, would stop throwing the word concerto around and do some quiet study in the forms of music, to find what in this treasury of acquired knowledge is adaptable, we should get somewhere. The result wouldn't be what could be called righteous jazz, true enough; but it would be good in its way and a blessed relief from the naïve dissonance of all the conservatory modernos who imagine they can toss a couple of Charleston beats to the second violins and have a Symphonie sur le jazz hot.

Benny Goodman's reëntry as big bandsman is marked by a twelve-inch Columbia backing of Benny Rides Again and The Man I Love. The first is also Sing, Sing, Sing, plus a few licks from The Dixieland Band and lord knows how many other arrangements. It suffers from oversize and the idea that seems to be behind all such ventures:

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if you haven't got anything, make it last. The Man I Love is good Goodman, though here again they did it better with the quartet years ago—it is one of the strange and beautiful songs, and perhaps just for that reason is played best when it is played simplest, when there is nothing there to distract, nothing but the tune in its fresh, spare elegance. The vocalist is good but along the Billie Halliday line, which I respect without liking much. It is a pure style, but its approach seems always on the wrong foot in overtones and grace; it seems to complain, almost whine.

Goodman himself has aroused the fool idolizing and critical toploftication which necessarily follow the making of music and success too. Neither form of extreme nonsense should be to our point. Rich or poor, Benny is a thorough musician, with a gift which cannot be matched today, bar for bar; he can make what we call a lapse of taste or what we hear as one of the best things—can and has and will again. I never have any worry about him, for his best will be there when we are gone, and the good like the bad must be always in him.

OTIS FERGUSON

The Bandwagon

Germany, Hitler assured his audience, "has nothing against the American people." It rested with the United States whether our country would or would not actually enter the war.

If anything, this assurance was favorable rather than otherwise. It went some distance toward removing misgivings of an attack by Germany on us which may have existed in some minds. – *From the Financial Week column in The New York Times.*

The facts which are presented in the books [Harold Rugg's textbooks] are not questioned, but the quotation from Brookings Institution (a conservative research organization of high standing) that about 21,500,000 American families lack purchasing power, while a few families at the top have more money than they can use, is considered dangerous knowledge for the young minds of high-school students. – *From The Hudson News, Union City, New Jersey.*

"There are certain restrictions on the Negro, but he still has the rights in this free America to fight for his freedom," he said. – *Major Campbell Johnson, draft official, quoted in The Memphis Commercial Appeal.*

"Our children should be a little dumber and a little stronger," he said, adding that man for man the Germans are much better equipped physically than Americans. – *Democratic Chairman Kelly, national director of physical education, speaking at a Catholic Youth Organization banquet in Wilmington, Delaware, as reported in The Journal Every Evening of Wilmington.*

The New Order in War?

Bengazi Seized in Wild Retreat. – *Headline in The New York Mirror.*

"When Boake Has Spoke"

"You know," she went on, "I have been interested in this war they are having lately, and I have been tuning in these commentators. I found out that they have a rhythm in their way of speaking, and that I can quiver to it. And one of them is better than all the rest. Boake Carter. He has a sinuous voice and I can quiver swell when he is talking." – *From an interview with Marion Miller, burlesque "Quiver Queen," interviewed in The Washington Daily News.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Peace without Victory

SIR: There are a great many thoughtful and patriotic Englishmen who dread to see the continuation of the heinous devastation of this war to the point of a British, or Anglo-American, military victory on the Continent; of the annihilation of Germany; of a repetition of the egregious blunders of Versailles and the League of Nations; and of post-war democratic statesmanship. They do not desire, or deem tolerable, a restoration of the political *status quo ante*, with its deadly balance-of-power war system, and the precarious British naval and economic hegemony of Europe and exploitation of the helpless colonial world. On the contrary, they demand some assurance of a better future than that, if the suffering is to go on. But they have no such assurance. Neither Mr. Churchill nor President Roosevelt has given them any.

Knowing that the only possible justification for this insane war might be the victory of certain acknowledged political principles of human liberty and federal union on the Continent—principles most impressively exemplified in the history of the United States of America and *theoretically not incompatible with German war aims, as announced*—this opinion holds that these ends can be attained only through negotiation of equals; not through "victory." It holds further that they can be attained now, were it not for the menace of the blind war fever rising in the United States, whose emotionalism is likely to prolong the war and to defeat the cause of liberalism and of Americanism in the world. I challenge you to demonstrate that this opinion is in error; or that Hitler is wrong in his recent statement that the war aims of Germany are, in a word, to enable the German people to drink coffee without the consent of Great Britain!

Are we to die, and to slay democracy in America to boot, in order that we may go on burning coffee and cotton and corn in the Western Hemisphere—things which we do not know how to consume and have not the moral courage and grace to give to the hungry and the naked abroad? If not this, what are we really about to fight for?

Arlington, Va. BRENT DOW ALLINSON

Flexible Language Among Us

SIR: In your issue of February 3 you print a letter from Professor A. P. Thomason of the University of Texas in which he reports that Otis Ferguson's essays are so remarkable that he reads them to his Freshman English classes "to show the kids how richly flexible the American language can be." In the same issue you publish some of Mr. Ferguson's "richly flexible" language.

I quote: "Their restraint and humor and well-breeding . . ." Are the kids at the University of Texas to be taught that well is an adjective? That is flexible language with a vengeance. Or—I quote again—"The devil appears and also justice, especially in the case of the man who became known in the East as the man who laughed at the Indian rope trick."

I teach philosophy and not English, but may I petulantly ask to what the "especially" refers? Or, I quote again: "As such

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you may enjoy it thoroughly." Does the "as such" refer to the "it" or to the "you"? I think the kids in Texas might be puzzled. In any case I am.

Or finally, "This is the man from the other side of a century, or the man from the moon, but perfectly among us and easy in a dinner jacket." The "but" in that sentence gives me mild grammatical nightmares, but the "among" gives me a real one. Is "among" an adjective in the same way that "well" is?

I need not be reminded that there are more serious issues in the world at present than Mr. Ferguson's prose, but I have long been meaning to ask why Mr. Ferguson feels it necessary to be quite as "flexible" as he is. Misspelling would be another form of originality, but I hope no one will suggest it to Mr. Ferguson.

I have refrained from protesting about Mr. Ferguson's grammar, but when you refer to Mr. Ferguson's fans I feel it is about time to give a minority report. He is frequently exciting and original but so, I am afraid, is his grammar.

New York City IRWIN EDMAN

Death and Taxes

SIR: There never was a time when tax reforms were more necessary than they are today. The measures discussed by Professor Groves ("What's Ahead in Fiscal Policy," The New Republic, January 20)—particularly rigorous taxation of undivided corporate profits—are essential, but they fall far short of meeting the situation.

If our government is to survive as a democracy, it is imperative that the American masses be given some measure of economic justice and permanent relief from poverty-ridden unemployment. Economic justice demands that there be a more equitable distribution of the national income, and of the ownership of income-producing national wealth. This is necessary for two reasons: first, to raise the standard of living of the underprivileged classes, and second, to stop national oversaving, which today blocks full national production and employment. These things cannot be accomplished by the measures Professor Groves suggests—by excise and income taxes, by taxes on excess profits and undistributed corporate income.

Such taxes will serve to slow down further concentration of wealth, but they will not undo the harm already done. Short of a direct levy on capital, which most people will agree is too drastic to be enacted into law, there is just one kind of tax that can effectively reverse the present trend toward ever greater concentration of wealth, further impoverishment of the poorer classes and eventual political and economic chaos. I refer to the federal tax on estates and inheritances, which Professor Groves fails to mention. The principle of graduated death taxes is already accepted and in general use. It remains to make such taxes really effective, by bringing within their scope *all* privately owned wealth, and subjecting *all* this wealth to taxation once every generation. We all know that this is not being done today. We all know that the great family fortunes have been safely tucked away beyond the reach of the tax collector for many, many years to come. Taxes on the higher brackets of large estates are supposedly levied at 50 percent or higher. How much was Andrew Mellon's estate taxed? If it is desirable and in the national interest that these huge family fortunes be allowed to exist and grow larger, then repeal death taxes. Otherwise, it is high time to tear down the legalistic barriers behind which these great fortunes have been hidden, and subject them to taxation at present or even higher rates.

If anyone doubts that the situation is as I have just described it, let him consider these figures: the value of privately owned property in the United States totals about $300,000,000,000. The average age difference between successive generations (average age of parents at time of birth of average child) is about thirty years. Therefore, assuming transfer of property from one generation to the next in the normal manner (from parent to child, uncle to nephew, etc.), about one-thirtieth of $300,000,000,000, or $10,000,000,000, will change hands by inheritance, gift, etc., every year. Yet total revenue from present federal and state inheritance and estate taxes totals less than $500,000,000 annually—less than five percent of the value of the property transferred. Could any tax be more pitifully inadequate? Could wholesale tax avoidance be more obvious?

Syracuse, N. Y. F. P. AVERY

SIR: I accept Mr. Avery's amendment. The only reason I did not stress inheritance taxes is that they seem less appropriate than some others for an emergency program.

Madison, Wis. HAROLD M. GROVES

Mr. Green and Unemployment Insurance

SIR: In your excellent editorial, "Roosevelt Today" (January 27), you state that William Green was hostile to unemployment insurance in 1933. Technically, I think that statement is correct unless you want to distinguish between Mr. Green's ideas and the official decisions of the American Federation of Labor.

I think it would be well to keep in mind, in view of the fact that compulsory health insurance will probably be the next step in social security, that Mr. Green, personally, was in favor of compulsory health insurance away back in 1918 because he logically followed through his fight for workmen's compensation in Ohio by wanting a general scheme of compulsory health insurance. He tells about his own struggle with Gompers on the matter on page 37 of his book, "Labor and Democracy" (Princeton University Press, 1939).

I think we should keep this in mind and utilize it when the Wagner health proposals are revived.

MARK STARR,
New York City Educational Director, ILGWU

Standards of Plane Construction

SIR: Your editorial note discussing standards of airplane construction ("The Nearly Perfect Plane," The New Republic, January 27) is sheer nonsense. Such standards as are adopted are the results of experience in a field of work where innovations in practice aim at superiority in performance. The technical mills producing these innovations are aware that all types of aircraft, engines and equipment are far short of what is desirable and possible through continued study and development. Airplanes represent the most extensive and complicated technology and production practices ever attained by the engineering arts. Through these practices present performances are possible. Reduced standards are eliminated by the exigencies of war.

The British Air Ministry has supplied full analytical data to the publishers of British aeronautical magazines upon captured enemy airplanes. There is certainly nothing shoddy about Mercedes or Junkers engines and some of their components would prove extremely difficult manufacturing problems in quantity no matter where they were undertaken. I have in mind the fuel-injection pumps used in place of carburetors by the Germans in which limits of plunger and cylinder fits are of the order of one one-hundred-thousandth of an inch, and I here refer to the Junkers 1,200-h.p. engine in which these pumps are used. The use of these pumps avoids freezing hazards, the phenomenon of loading up after closing the throttle, and difficulty in starting due to weather, to mention but a few points about them.

The layman or the journalistic type of person or Henry Ford himself is as fit to discuss such matters as a green grocer is to

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discuss the work of Nils Bohr, de Broglie or Schrödinger on subatomic phenomena.

Painesville, O. E. H. SHERBONDY

[The editorial note, to which Mr. Sherbondy objects, said, "At a moment like this, when speed is essential as well as quality, it is a little terrifying to hear our aviation experts talking like the minor poets whose work will eventually be published in an edition of fifty-three numbered copies hand-lettered on vellum." We meant to exaggerate, but Mr. Sherbondy's letter suggests, alas, that we perhaps did not exaggerate quite enough when we described the attitude of the aviation experts. We still believe that grocers and journalists had best keep right on stating, in as picturesque speech as they can summon, the obvious fact that the United States *must* have quantity as well as quality production of planes, or it is not going to get it. – THE EDITORS]

Resignations

SIR: The undersigned members of the Descendants of the American Revolution have resigned from the organization, because of the undemocratic procedure of its National Executive Committee. This body has passed a resolution calling for the defeat of the lease-lend bill (H.R. 1776) in the name of the organization, without polling the members to learn their attitude toward this important measure, which directly affects our foreign as well as our domestic policy. The signers of this letter have varying opinions on the lease-lend bill, but are at one in regarding the action of the National Executive Committee as an infringement on the rights of the entire membership.

MRS. SHERWOOD ANDERSON — MARY WARE DENNETT
BRUCE BLIVEN — FREDA KIRCHWEY
BRUCE BLIVEN JR. — HARRY A. OVERSTREET
JOHN CHAMBERLAIN — ELIOT D. PRATT
HELENA I. T. BAILIE, National Treasurer
HELEN TUFTS BAILIE, member National Council, Samuel Adams Chapter, Boston
MRS. J. ANTON DE HAAS, Samuel Adams Chapter, Boston
REV. E. TALLMADGE ROOT, Samuel Adams Chapter, Boston
ELIZABETH HULING, member National Council, Nathan Hale Chapter, New York

Production in the USSR

SIR: Miss Utley, replying to various critics, complains that no one has answered her facts proving the failure of Stalin's regime either to build up production or provide other than increasingly wretched living conditions. I am not an expert on the Soviet Union. However, I'm a research worker and I am also interested in facts. The Statistical Yearbook of the League of Nations for 1939-40 is just out. I think that the history of the League would absolve it of any suspicion of bias in favor of the Soviet Union.

Table Sixteen is called "Index Numbers of Wages." The indices have been computed for most of the countries of the world, using 1929 as the base year and calling it 100. (For methods used in compiling these series, see International Labor Office Yearbook, 1934-35.) In most countries wages have not changed very much from what they were in 1929. Most of them dipped way down during the depression years, but have climbed almost to 100 or past it by 1939. For instance, 1939 shows the United States at 90, the United Kingdom (England, Ireland, Wales) at 108, Germany at 85—and the Soviet Union at 353. These latter figures, besides being the only ones with a large increase, are also the only ones that show no drop in any year, even 1932 or 1933.

Turning from wages to production, I looked up the Soviet Union under various indices. Again 1929 was the base year (100) and again most countries did not show great differences between 1929 and 1939; the Balkan and Scandinavian countries showed fairly large increases, but none as high as 200. For the Soviet Union the 1939 figures were as follows: "general indices of industrial production," 473 (or 344, the latter being the figure as calculated by the Institut für Konjuncturforschung, Berlin); machines, 1,115 (or 749, the latter figure by the same German agency); investment goods, 573; goods currently consumed, 339 (even in this group there is no year which is not higher than the year before). I then looked up the figures on imports and exports, and found that in 1939 both exports and imports were about one-third what they had been in 1929. But whereas in 1929 the USSR exported more than it imported, in 1939 it imported more than it exported.

I can't help wondering why tripled wages, tripled production and the balance of trade changed in favor of imports has resulted in declining standards of living and general mass misery. Other readers of The New Republic must, of course, judge for themselves, but it seems to me that Miss Utley is somewhat less than objective.

Washington, D. C. E. MAIER

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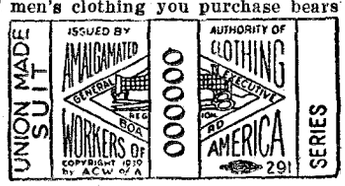

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Some of the ways our friends think up to put the finger on us surprise us, even after all these years. For example, Maxi Saunders, Tucumcari, New Mexico, saw an advertisement in which Brenda Frazier, "born to the purple but charmingly democratic," said that she proudly drives a Studebaker Land Cruiser. Miss Saunders thought it was a stinker, as who would not? In "Automobiles of 1940" (The New Republic, December 30) Dewey Palmer praised the Studebaker for its accelerating ability and gas economy, but he said nothing about the Brenda Frazier advertisement. "After thinking it all over," says Miss Saunders, "I've come to the unhappy conclusion that The New Republic made a New Year's resolution drastically to change its views and policies."

Helen Alfred, executive director of the National Public Housing Conference, informs us that the recent conference advocated appropriation of further federal subsidies through amendment of the housing law, development of projects for defense workers, and provision of dwellings for families who do not require subsidized housing but whose needs cannot be met by private enterprise, "through the leasing of public housing projects to coöperative tenant societies on an economic rental basis."

Did You See It in the Paper? – The Saturday Evening Post reports that the Lockheed Aircraft Company and other defense industries in Los Angeles make applicants for jobs answer a questionnaire containing 318 printed, copyrighted questions. "The questions seem innocent enough," says The Saturday Evening Post, "but are said to be infallible in detecting warped mentalities." Has any reader ever seen a copy of it? We'd enjoy having one.

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Poets as Reviewers

IT SEEMS TO ME that poetry reviewing has blundered into a pretty disheartening situation. Take for one example —and there are many others—the adventures of Conrad Aiken's latest book. Mr. Aiken is one of the few people in this country who are and have always been poets by profession. Since the death of E. A. Robinson, he is almost the only American poet of standing who has never played the literary game—has never read his verse over the radio, has never lectured to women's clubs (or any other audience), has never been the guest of honor at a literary dinner or gossiped with critics at a literary tea, has never autographed his books in department stores, has never scratched backs, rolled logs or mended his fences. For thirty years he has stuck to his job of writing, while living very modestly —sometimes in actual penury—working hard and never talking in public about himself. I should judge that his attitude of aloofness has been carried too far—though I deeply respect him for it—and that its effect has been to limit his subject matter. On the other hand, he is one of the few American poets whose work has continually developed in technical skill, in richness and individuality.

Last fall he published a sonnet sequence, "And in the Human Heart," which indicated that he had taken a new direction, less involved and solipsistic, more emotional and straightforward. One might have thought that this event in the literary world would be discussed with interest and understanding—if not necessarily with approval—and that his new book would reach a much wider audience than anything he had written in the past. Nothing of the sort happened. The fact is that nothing happened at all.

Three months after its publication, "And in the Human Heart" had been noticed in exactly seventeen newspapers and periodicals, to judge from the clipping file kept by its publishers. Most of these notices appeared in small-city dailies, which found room for two or three hundred words of gush. The best informed reviews were those in The Detroit Free Press and The Providence Journal, whose readers unfortunately don't buy much poetry. In bookselling mediums like The New York Times, daily and Sunday, The New York Herald Tribune, daily and Sunday, The Saturday Review, The Nation and The Atlantic Monthly, the book has so far received, to the best of my knowledge, not a single mention. In The New Yorker it was used by Louise Bogan as one of the texts for a sermon against the grand poetic manner. In The New Republic it was used by Randall Jarrell as the occasion for a diatribe against rhetoric—a brilliantly written diatribe, but one which had only a formal connection with Conrad Aiken's book.

This last review is worth discussing at some length. Mr. Jarrell is a talented poet whose work shows the various influences of W. H. Auden, Dylan Thomas and Allen Tate. As a book reviewer—and most poets these days are book reviewers—he is about the wittiest we have. I don't know anyone else who could have said of Ezra Pound that "He has taken all culture for his province, and is naturally a little provincial about it." Or of Kenneth Patchen that when he hints, "the pigs run in from miles around." Or of Auden as a liberal that "he is a Mann by more than marriage." These are jibes that will be remembered for a long time, having a life in some sense independent of their subjects. One can imagine other critics saying fifty years from now, about other poems, what Mr. Jarrell said about Joyce Kilmer's: "If they had not existed, it would have been necessary only to copy them."

And this is a clue to the nature of Mr. Jarrell's book reviews: they are a form of art in which the technical skill and the attitude—the *dandysme*—of the reviewer are more important than his subject matter. Poetry enters them only as a target. The poet who gets a going-over by Mr. Jarrell is like the scared Negro at a county fair who sticks his head through a sheet while people throw baseballs at it, three balls for a dime. And often the critic uses more deadly weapons. When he massacres a brood of little poets who have each scraped together a couple of hundred dollars to publish a pamphlet of their verses, he seems to be aiming a ten-gauge automatic duck gun at song sparrows. And when he assails poets of greater distinction, he sometimes appears to be using the duck gun on wooden decoys whittled out by himself, while the real bird flies away.

He is doing something like that in his review of "And in the Human Heart." "What are these poems about?" he asks. And he answers, "Their ostensible subject is a very generalized love affair; but their real subject is a particular rhetoric Mr. Aiken has been developing for a long time." This rhetoric is Mr. Jarrell's target. He points out that the poet is fond of certain words like love, time and space, using the first fifty times, the second thirty-three times and the third almost as often. He concludes that "The content of Mr. Aiken's best poems has entirely disappeared; these are only their empty and enormously inflated rhetorical shells." But the fact is that these sonnets have another content which the reviewer has either failed to understand or failed to state.

"And in the Human Heart" does not deal with "a very generalized love affair"; it deals with two lovers parted during an illness that threatens to be fatal. One of them writes to the other from his sickbed, telling her that he wants to "speak without cunning, love, as without craft— careless of answer, as of shame or blame." He is not concerned here with rhetoric; instead he wants to write

> of time, transcending this too transient hour,
> and space that finds the beating heart too weak.

In other words, his subject is the contrast between human emotions and impersonal nature, between what seems the immensity of their love and the fact that it is only a point in space, a moment that very soon will end. It is no wonder that words like love and space and time are used frequently, considering that they are the heart of these poems. One would expect to find words like wing and sky and motor in a poem about aviation.

But besides missing the subject, Mr. Jarrell fails to discuss Mr. Aiken's real method. He does not mention the poet's use of metaphors—not scattered broadcast, as in the case of the Surrealists, who like to have eight or ten of them in a four-line stanza, but developed and interwoven from one sonnet to another. He does not mention his subtly varied repetitions; and above all he does not say anything about the music of Mr. Aiken's verse. In an age when most poetry has become entirely visual, Mr. Aiken writes to be read aloud. And you wonder when hearing these sonnets—

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not merely counting the words in them—why it is that so few of the contemporary poets are concerned with the tones of their vowels, the order of their consonants, the placing of their pauses, the alternation (not regular but psychologically right) of masculine and feminine rhymes, or the counterpoint between the metrical pattern and the natural rhythm of spoken English, so that each line seems to have a double melody. In all these matters, Mr. Aiken is a master, perhaps the greatest that we now have; and when critics fail to notice what he is doing, you wonder whether they have an ear for verse or merely an eye, an ego and an adding machine.

The reception of his latest book is typical of poetry reviewing today, even though Mr. Jarrell is much better than the typical reviewers. Many of the others use his methods without his wit, and without even hitting imaginary targets. Twenty years ago most poetry was reviewed by amateurs. They hadn't much knowledge of schools or tendencies or the abstract laws of esthetics, but at least they had enthusiasm: they liked what they were doing and what they were reading. Today, with poetry reviewing largely in the hands of the poets themselves, it has grown vastly more sophisticated; but apparently the reviewers have become psychologically unable to like anything whatever, for fear of helping a rival or hurting their own reputations. Often they convey the impression that all the other poets are cretins or zanies, hog-callers, copyists or rhetoricians. That is far from the truth, considering that American poetry has been coming out of a long slump and is actually more interesting today than anyone has so far admitted in public. But the revival is not likely to last very long unless the poets manage to find an audience. MALCOLM COWLEY

Books in Review

Illth, Ichor and Ahoy

PEOPLE may be foolish, but even when a novel that begins to make a splash like literature is set before them, they still want to know what it is about. "Moby Dick" is full of a great many words and a great deal of mystical nonsense and pure bad writing; but there is implicit all through it a quest and there is written all over it the complete adventurous profession of whaling, in day-by-day procedure; and that—the allegory and the vivid log—is what it is about. Marcus Goodrich's novel "Delilah" [1] also has a great many words and its share of splenetic prosing. But what it is about is a curiously difficult thing to report. I am almost tempted to leave this to the Discoverers, whose presentation it is.

At any rate I can tell you what and where "Delilah" is: it is a destroyer, employed in 1917 on the Asiatic station. For the duration of the story it is between Zamboanga and the floating drydock at Olongapo, which means from south to north in the Philippines. Even the old-type destroyers had to have officers and crew, so these make the characters for our story, which moves easily in perspective from wardroom to engine room, fo'c'sle to bridge. First the ship, a coal-burner badly in need of overhaul and hot as sin, is making a speed run to some obscure place of danger and unrest. Then it is sent on smuggler patrol, with things more haywire than ever from the recent hard forcing. There are fights among the crew and there is the added tension among the officers of rumors of war with Japan. There are several landing parties as background for internal relations and then there is a big landing party to explore the terrors of an underground river.

In Manila there begins one of those fierce inter-ship brawls ashore, which stops abruptly only because it is time to take up other points in the story. There is a brief submarine disaster, there is one of the old shark stories from Olongapo, there is the backbreaking adventure of coaling ship, and then we work off into another brawl ashore which winds up in a berserk Irishman spilling blood and horror all over the ship and parts of the harbor, and news of America's declaration of war on Germany. These are the happenings, which are so few and unrelated in a dramatic sense that there must be something else. There is.

The main body of the novel is concerned with the men in the ship individually, their relation to it as a unit, and the mystery of that community away from the world which pervades all the good sea stories. I will not bore you with the details of personality, rank and station in this as in every other ship's company—from the young but absolute two-and-a-half-stripe captain down to the sensitive seaman-second-class. But as the story progresses or fails to progress, I'm afraid you'll find that the author will. What happens to him must happen to anybody who tries to make fiction out of that subdued loyalty and iron routine. He knows the China Station, he knows the obscure, complicated jargon and order of the day of the eternal naval calling. Furthermore, you can prove page by page that he didn't do his time with his eyes shut for types of people or the cramped mysteries of departments outside his own. But a novel, to be a good sound novel, has to have people thinking and feeling and meaning something in it. All right then, or as the ancient boatswain's-mate phrase of introduction has it: "Now do you hear there!"

There are assorted characters in "Delilah," but they are frequently not very believable under pressure of the story, and no one of them is carried all the way through to some meaningful conclusion. Some of this is owing to the "panel" type of presentation—first one aspect of the ship's life, then another. Part of it is owing to the author's habit of starting something for its own sake and then leaving it in the air, both its outcome and pertinence unexplained. The executive officer is driving himself crazy with the delicate and dangerous business of navigation and then—same officer, same ship, same waters—he is talking all through the mid-watch every night with a sensitive seaman, so intimately

[1] Delilah, by Marcus Goodrich. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 496 pages. $2.75.

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as to start a scandal. Navigation is forgotten; he even fails to see such a subtle thing as a lighthouse. Then the relationship of these two, the lieutenant and the seaman, suddenly stops its steady and purposeful building toward something and nothing happens. The expedition up the hidden river gives an opportunity for a great deal of wild language, but is dropped without comment for something else. Moreover, it is dropped without getting those boats *back* through a surf "ten to twenty feet high" that was so dangerous merely coming in that the author makes several exciting pages out of it, with each maneuver so thoroughly detailed that you could not fail to see every move—or capsize if you made it, for that matter, for he is not a surfboat man.

But the essential weakness is in the fictionalizing. Situations or people are impossible not because it can be proved they didn't happen there, in experience, but because they do not happen here, in the book. Human behavior under certain tensions has certain vague but recognized patterns. And when suddenly the very freak of a pattern is made to rise from a few commonplace stresses and strains, and when you have talked on so endlessly about the souls of your characters that they are completely revealed to the reader as pretty simple after all, and trite to boot, and when this smother of words explodes into what is designed for lightning and thunder, the deeply calling unto the vasty, why then it is not life that is there, no matter how strange life can get, but a lot of writer's malarky.

Marcus Goodrich is reputed among the rare story-tellers in conversation, but that won't go on paper. At one point he takes 16,000 words to have one of his officers tell a yarn that has nothing to do with the book and no point of its own; when he finally stops talking *about* his people and has one of them hit with a coal bag, he spends a half-dozen pages on who was standing where, the home he came from, his probable reactions to such a thing and (in the case of the captain, actually) how often his wife had made him promise to wait between cigars.

He is absolutely drunk with words, and not a very good drunk either, just in the pure technical sense. He sprouts things like "illth" and "ichor," a shoe doesn't fall, it "impacts on deck," and his idea of laying it on is laying it on. One page of hard trying, for example, has the impossible ("water oozed thickly and cascaded down"), the unhealthy ("like the parted lips of an unhealing wound"), and the too-too ("the floor of the ledge . . . lubricious and slightly yielding"—"the vague feculent recesses"). He apparently forgets that words have a use and meaning, as when he says "the rotound angle to which it narrowed," or "an oppressive, specious space." Or again: "He had half hissed in the chortling voice of a Negro on a secret spree: 'Hey! . . . Kike. . . . There goes your dough!'"

Probably the worst of all is a tin ear, a friend that won't tell him. Soberly, plodding, he rolls up platitudes like cannon: "There had loomed faintly and distantly, but very somberly on the edge of his small stock of permanent apprehensions, a disturbance that, forced into the inadequate channels of a ready, mental phrase, seemed to warn that all that was left of him was somehow inextricably committed to all that was left of her. In his mind the apperception of this impression had been like the recognition of a covenant; and quite unconsciously, on the occasions when he suffered this impression, he had regretted her neglected condition, a condition—enforced by governmental economy—that her extreme age made increasingly dangerous." The dictionary has been swallowed but not digested.

The appeal of this book is apparently strong to armchair navigators, but I hardly think it will go down as sea literature. The navy is still an obscure thing to most of us, and all I can say is that while in surface details it is like this; in the feel of a ship and the people in it, the characters from life, it isn't. Because this is a mixture of endless talk and fruitcake, and a navy man anyway would heave a bucket at you just for the title, the idea of which is kept up throughout. They call her Delilah, though destroyers are named after naval heroes, and proud names they are as they fan out by divisions ahead of the fleet: the Farragut, the Preble, the Paul Jones, etc.—and always *the*. We had a ship in those same waters but ten years later, and a hot enough bucket too, and since she was the Cincinnati we called her the Cincy, usually with a dreadful adjective; but did we say "Cynthia will thrust in past Corregidor"? Count our dead bodies.

For the average reader I think the main trouble will be that first nothing happens for a long time, and then something blows up inconclusively, under false and forced pressure. There are parts in it I read with pleasure, being an eternal pushover for ship's routine; but in general it goes very hard, slowly through many confusions and nowhere in particular, and very hard. OTIS FERGUSON

Heavy Record

Stages on Life's Way, by Soren Kierkegaard, translated by Walter Lowrie. Princeton University Press. 472 pages. $6.

THIS WORK forms an important milestone on the course of presenting Soren Kierkegaard to the English reading public. Its editor, an acknowledged "lover" of Kierkegaard, calls it an undoubted work of genius, and even the less enthusiastic must count it among its author's most monumental works; monumental not only in thickness but in dullness, and therefore to a high degree revelatory of the essence of the man.

The first great tragedy of the author's life was his childhood: the religious gloom of his home, where his father, a prosperous Copenhagen merchant, brooded on his great sin (thought by most experts to have been the act of cursing God when a lonely boy shepherding on the heaths of Jutland; by another school interpreted as the seduction of his cook), and where the little Soren was constrained to read aloud from Bishop Mynster's sermons. But the bulkiest section of this book is a record of Soren Kierkegaard's even greater tragedy: that of his broken engagement to the little Olsen girl, broken because she failed to partake of the deep inwardness of his "religiosity" or, alternately, because he could not "realize the general." This *historia calamitatum* is the induction through despair into the religious stage of Kierkegaard's Existential Dialectic, best defined perhaps as turning the much turned Hegel inside out. It is preceded by an epitome of the ethical stage of the Dialectic in the form of a eulogy of marriage by a happily married man, to be recommended primarily to bachelors who would count their blessings. And that in turn is preceded by a "Banquet," embodying the first, lowest and esthetic stage of individual

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man's existence: a speech-making scene said to bear comparison with Plato's "Symposium." It does, precisely as the "commedia dell' arte" bears comparison with the "Prometheus Vinctus."

Kierkegaard is sometimes witty: notably in his gibes at the Hegelians, though presumably these were more amusing when *die schöne grüne Hegelei* was green. Sometimes the grafting of inverse Hegelian German onto the charming babble of Danish even sounds profound; but that occasional illusion vanishes in the open air of English, for all Dr. Lowrie's efforts, and the Existential Dialectic looks out as what it is: a motley of the pompous philosophizing, coffee-table wit and genuine self-torture of a man who thought he had too much soul for his body, while in fact he had only too much pen for his soul.

But the revelation will not harm Soren Kierkegaard; for he will always have the devotion of those who, like Dr. Lowrie, keep a little bronze statue of him on a study table and regularly place flowers before it—"or rather as my wife does," says Dr. Lowrie of the flower ritual, "in such a way that it remains doubtful whether the offering be not meant for me." What, are no candles burned?

MARJORIE GRENE

Good Neighbor Reëxamined

The Caribbean Danger Zone, by J. Fred Rippy. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 296 pages. $3.
The American Empire, a Symposium edited by William H. Haas. University of Chicago Press. 408 pages. $4.
The Fight for the Panama Route, by Dwight C. Miner. New York: Columbia University Press. 469 pages. $4.
Panamerica: A Program for the Western Hemisphere, by Carleton Beals. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 545 pages. $3.

BACK IN 1920 a youthful candidate for the vice-presidency made a speech in which he sought to answer the isolationist contention that the League of Nations would be controlled by Great Britain and her dominions with six votes to our one. "As a matter of fact," he declared, "the United States has about twelve votes in the League Assembly. Until last week I had two of them myself, and now Secretary Daniels has them. You know, I have had something to do with the running of a couple of little republics. . . . I wrote Haiti's constitution myself, and, if I do say it, I think it is a pretty good constitution."

Dr. Rippy who recalls this indiscreet remark in "The Caribbean Danger Zone," uses it as a milestone to measure the progress we have made in our relations with Latin America, for the man who made the speech is now President of the United States and his name is intimately associated with the good-neighbor policy. That policy, however, is neither so clean-cut nor so secure, Dr. Rippy reminds us, that the present war crisis may not put it in jeopardy. "The United States was most aggressive during the administration of an executive [Woodrow Wilson] who most frequently denounced aggression on general principles," and liberal opinion largely tolerated the encroachments because of "the supposed demands of defense strategy during the critical period of the World War."

The reminder is timely, but unfortunately the author makes no concrete suggestions to implement his proposal that we "continue and extend the good-neighbor policy" during the present crisis. His book tells the story of our adventures in the Caribbean with fairness and courage, but when he comes to the final chapter on "The Good Neighbor Policy and the Totalitarian Threat," his vision becomes less sharp, his voice uncertain.

The same reluctance or inability to bring their expert knowledge into focus so as to throw light on our present problems is shown by William H. Haas and his associates in "The American Empire." Their studies deal primarily with the economic and political geography of our "empire" (in which they include Puerto Rico, the Canal Zone, the Virgin Islands, Alaska, Hawaii and the Philippines). But the three interpretative chapters with which Professors Haas and Cox attempt to point up their survey are timid and unsuggestive.

Dwight C. Miner, in his excellent account, "The Fight for the Panama Route," avoids the difficulty altogether by not attempting to touch the present situation. But his book is so well organized and so rich in fresh insights into the events of an oft repeated story that it makes an important contribution to the background necessary for any informed judgment on the problems that face us in Latin America.

It remains for Carleton Beals to undertake the job that we rightly expect some of our long-time experts on our relations with our Southern neighbors to perform at the present critical moment. He reverses the procedure of the other works and devotes his "Panamerica" entirely to the present and immediate future, using his extensive and intimate knowledge of past hemisphere relations as an aid to his examination. His book is long—actually two books in one, since he spends 154 pages on the war in Europe and the world struggle for raw materials before he even gets to the Americas—but its length is sustained by a lively and irrepressible wit, an inquisitive mind that pokes its way into everything, a fund of fresh viewpoints and great courage in raising and attempting to settle a whole series of problems that arise from the present war, the decline of free trade, the spread of totalitarianism, and the needs of our own country's military and economic strategy.

Always an *enfant terrible* in his field—which is not said in dispraise, since it is a field where plain speaking is desirable—Mr. Beals gives evidence of having matured amazingly. This is far and away the best book he has done on Latin America, and the most stimulating and informing of the flood of recent works on hemisphere problems. The old irrepressibility and impudence are still there, but combined with a new thoughtfulness and deeper understanding. If he has not found all the answers, who has? They are problems still in the making.

It is impossible in brief space to give any idea of this book's somewhat disorderly richness. Broadly, it is concerned with the economic and political requirements of defense, with the role of certain strategic materials in the causation of the present war and their importance in the waging of it, with the problems of their acquisition and accumulation by the United States and their proper utilization "to benefit a free people in a free system," and with the promotion of such relations, economic and political, with the rest of this hemisphere as will help to ensure our well-being and that of our neighbors.

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Despite his engaging bumptiousness, Mr. Beals is a stubborn sort of fellow who realizes the complexity of the problems he is handling and will not be overawed by a slogan no matter how high the power in the loudspeaker. He is not very kind to those who are all set with a simple formula purporting to settle everything. He is as rough with isolationists as with "all-eggs-in-Britain's-basket" interventionists and greater-hemisphere imperialists. His publishers boast that he "has gotten under the skin of Latin American life"; perhaps they should have issued the warning that he would get under the skin of many a reader. But those who can keep their tempers and continue to see through the rising mists of their prejudices are bound to know a lot more when they have finished than when they started, and to grasp some of the complexities in problems that may formerly have appeared to them simple. Those who see red when they find him praising Lindbergh's embargo addresses on page 35 should be warned, before putting the book down, to read his devastating critique of the flier's June, 1940, speech on page 184.

The brilliant last chapter and all the analytical material that implements and leads up to it ought to be required reading for editorial writers, radio commentators, flying-trip experts on hemispheric defense and novices (a term not to be interpreted too strictly) in our Western Hemisphere diplomatic service and State Department.

BERTRAM D. WOLFE

The Sleeping Giant

Behind God's Back, by Negley Farson. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 567 pages. $3.50.

BEHIND GOD'S BACK is Africa, black Africa, and God does not know what goes on there. It was time someone wrote a book about it, and Mr. Farson has covered the continent widely, superbly. He has done something which I think has not been done before; he has presented Africa as a whole, presented it barbecued as an ox is, and not served up in portions embellished with racial sauces or political geography. Having no axe to grind, and being a writer, Mr. Farson has written of Africa—neither more nor less than that. Parts of the book are beautiful, parts terrifying, and all is good.

Farson is one of the first writers to understand the Boers and their temperament. He has emphasized the question of color, which, although apparently insoluble, must be solved before Englishmen and Americans can really talk of democracy. "Half free and half slave . . ." Lincoln said. Of course there is no slavery in Africa today, not even in Ethiopia since Mussolini "freed" it. But there is indentured labor. There are millions of Africans who cannot move freely without a pass from their masters. In the Union of South Africa alone there are seven million virtual slaves and two million free. That is today. And in the Africa of yesterday the Germans destroyed sixty thousand out of ninety thousand of the Herero natives. And yesterday (1910), the Boers petitioned to be allowed to class Bushmen with vermin and shoot them on sight. This right was denied them because Bushmen are human. But still Bushmen are shot. As far as I know no white man has ever been hanged in the Union for the murder of a Kaffir. This does not mean that Kaffirs are murdered with impunity. But they have been murdered, sometimes very brutally, and the murderers have not paid the price.

In Southwest Africa, German West that was, the Herero women have no children—a result of German methods of colonial administration. They have said they will have none. Their morals have broken down, but they are childless, by their own free will, though they love children. And this was long before Hitler. In German West the Germans needed *Lebensraum* and they got it. They wanted the Herero cattle and no Hereros. The method was simple. They took the one and killed the other.

South African politics is made clear in "Behind God's Back." British, Belgian and French colonial policies stand out in relief. With the precision of a surgeon Mr. Farson opens up the back of Africa, splitting it open, for you to see it with its anachronisms, its paradoxes, its beauties, its terrors. He has told the unforgivable truth about Africa. It is a black country and not a white. Its future is black or, at least, bastard, and any other hope is wishful thinking. Black men live in countries that are unfitted for white. That is why they are black. That is why white men sunburn. And in Africa even white pigs get sun-scalded.

Bushmen, Boers, Hereros, Masai, Zulus, pigmies, giants, British colonels, Belgian administrators, lions, springbuck, baobabs, ferns and waterfalls . . . great rivers, the vast piles of African mountains and the vast spaces of Africa's deserts—all are here. German Führers, Indian traders, game wardens, gorillas, and the evening sky pink with flamingos, black with ducks. Labor compounds on the Ridge of White Waters . . . a quarter of a million "poor whites" out of two million whites in the Union. Gold dug from below sea level, and Johannesburg, a microcosm of New York City, trembling above the mines.

Africa is a black giant sleeping. The white man has tattooed him here and there, has furrowed his shining skin with scrofulous sores, has exploited him, has stolen from him, and still he sleeps. But he stirs. The muscles on his great body ripple from time to time. One day he will wake to demand education. To demand justice. To demand explanations of the wrongs that have been done him. That is how Mr. Farson sees Africa.

STUART CLOETE

A Reader's List

JAMES VI OF SCOTLAND AND THE THRONE OF ENGLAND, by Helen George Stafford (D. Appleton-Century, $3.75). Well written, authoritative and thoroughly documented study of Anglo-Scottish relations from the death of Mary Stuart in 1587 to the accession of her son, James VI, to the throne of England as the successor of Elizabeth in 1603. New and valuable light on the intrigue and maneuvering of the period, with special attention to the struggle for succession.

GREAT BRITAIN UNDER PROTECTION, by Frederic Benham (Macmillan, $2.50). A clear and first-rate comprehensive survey of British commercial policies, since the Great Depression, with particular reference to Britain's abandonment of her traditional free trade and to the effects of her protectionist program. Excellent for general reader and specialist.

MINE AND COUNTERMINE, by A. M. Low (Sheridan House, $2.75). A brief (220 pages, plus index) history of

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the development of the mine and torpedo in naval warfare, together with a pretty complete discussion of the various types, their effects and defects and what can be done with or about them. Professor Low is listed as a British scientist, inventor and authority on armament; his book clarifies a little known factor in the department of attack and terror.

AN ACTOR'S DAUGHTER, by Aline Bernstein (Knopf, $2). The childhood recollections of one of Broadway's top-notch scenic designers set down in smooth, quiet prose that makes nice reading even when it's just prattle. This is your dish if you care to know how a sensitive child responded to the environment of a clamorous, New York theatrical boarding house and the emotional crises of her high-strung family.

EMPEROR BRIMS, by Herbert Ravenel Sass (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). An historical novel built around one Indian chief's abortive attempt to unite the American tribes and run the whites off the continent. The background is Charleston, South Carolina, and the Yemassee Indian War of 1715, and history is treated with respect. Thoroughly equipped with romance, adventure and a web of intrigue that provides the final chapters with the suspense of a detective story.

WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY, by Gerald Bullett (Knopf, $2.50). Fun in Britain when a sleek black cat leaves home, a pert child does likewise, and a romance that was clearly made in heaven strikes a snag. Complications set in quickly and are highly contagious, which is fine. All very gay and jaunty, and remote indeed from any thought of blitzkrieg.

JUST AS I FEARED, by Damaris Arklow (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50). A farce about Soviet Russia, where the workers are all hungry, cold and exhausted, and in general lucky to be shot, which happens often. Miss Arklow, in other words, piles it on pretty thick for what her publishers call "delicious irony." Won't change anyone's mind about the USSR.

Contributors

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STUART CLOETE is the author of two novels about South Africa, "The Turning Wheels" and "Watch for the Dawn." His latest book is "Yesterday Is Dead," published by Smith and Durrell, a study of the reasons for the collapse of the democracies and the rise of fascism.

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